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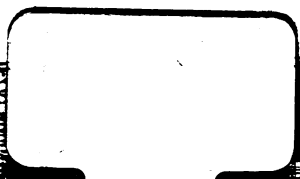
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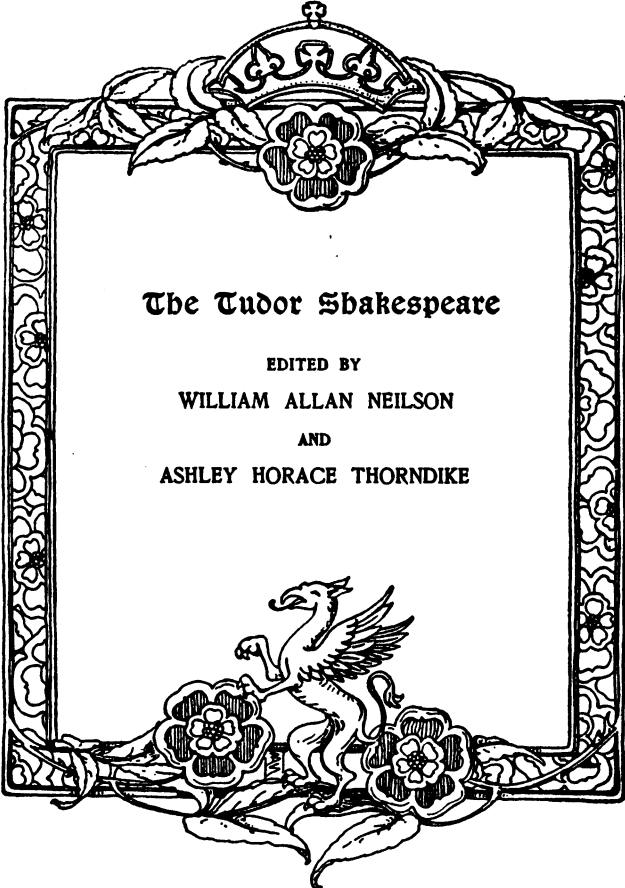
FROM

Prof. W. L. Neilson,  
Cambridge.







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**The Tudor Shakespeare**

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON  
AND  
ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE



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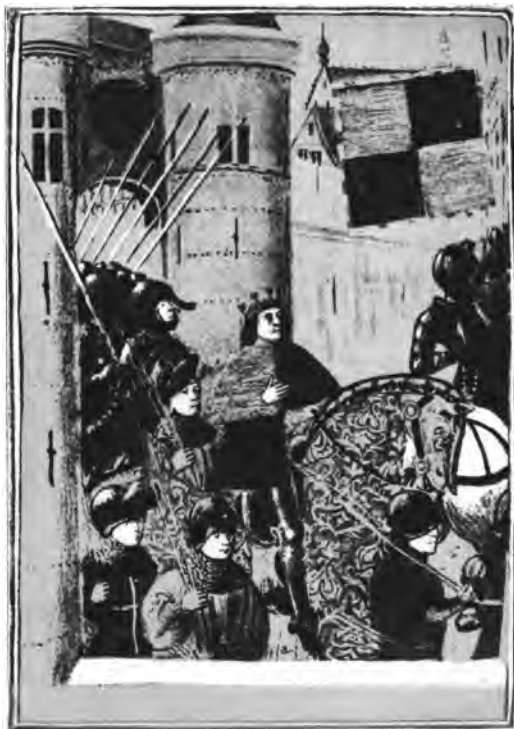


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*Richard II Riding out of London  
to the War in Ireland*

SHAKESPEARE

THE HISTORY OF  
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

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THE GREAT  
INDIAN PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY

1912

PHILADELPHIA





THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

The Tragedy of  
Richard the Second

EDITED BY

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New York

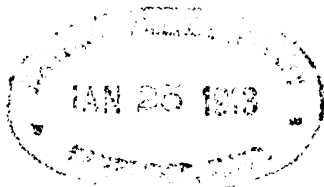
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First edition of this issue of "The Tragedy of Richard the Second"  
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## Introduction

*Text.* — Andrew Wise entered for publication in the Stationers' Register on August 29, 1597, his copy of "*The Tragedye of Richard the Second.*" An edition (Q<sub>1</sub>) was issued that year, with the following title-page: "*The Tragedie of King Richard the Second.* As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Servants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." Copies of this edition are found in two different states, corrected and uncorrected. In 1598 a second quarto (Q<sub>2</sub>), with the addition to the title-page of the words: "By William Shakespeare," was reprinted from Q<sub>1</sub> and issued by the same printer and publisher as before. There is in 1608 a third quarto edition (Q<sub>3</sub>) reprinted substantially from Q<sub>2</sub>, but including for the first time the deposition scene (IV. i. 154-318). Some copies have, except for publisher and date, the same title-page as that of Q<sub>2</sub>; others have this title-page: "*The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.*" A fourth quarto (Q<sub>4</sub>), a mere reprint of Q<sub>3</sub>, came out in 1615. The version in



the First Folio (F<sub>1</sub>), published in 1623, was apparently set up from a copy of Q<sub>1</sub>, but corrected from a better text, at any rate as regards the Parliament scene. In the First Folio the play is called "The life and death of King Richard the Second." A fifth quarto, based upon F<sub>1</sub>, came out in 1634. The present text is based upon Q<sub>1</sub>, except the deposition scene, which is based upon F<sub>1</sub>.

*Date.* — The earliest definite date for *Richard II* is its publication in 1597. Knight pointed out certain resemblances to Daniel's *Civil Wars* (see Grosart ed., I. 60-70; II. 62-94, III, note, III; III. 57; 64-69, 79), four books of which came out in 1595, but were entered in the Stationers' Register in October, 1594. Two of the parallels cited by Knight (I. 60 and III. 78-79) do not occur in the edition of 1595, but are introduced in later editions; but nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the poem and the play are closely related, and that, if either poet borrowed from the other, Shakespeare, and not Daniel, in spite of his reputation as a plagiarist, is the borrower. *Richard II* bears the same relationship to the *Civil Wars* that *1 and 2 Henry IV* do; the resemblances are of precisely the same sort, and they are quite as close and as numerous. There are a number of points on which the series of plays and Daniel's poem differ from any known source and resemble each other. In general they cover the same ground, and both give prominence to the idea of Nemesis which followed the usurpation of Bolingbroke. The principal cases are: in *Richard II*, the Queen, who was a child of eleven, is introduced as a grown woman; Bolingbroke engages in a courtship of the common people;

Bolingbroke and Richard ride into London together, the former in triumph, the latter in humiliation; the Queen has an interview with Richard after his return to London; the manner in which Exton received his hint to murder Richard; the strain in which the King soliloquizes just before he is murdered. In *1 and 2 Henry IV*, Hotspur is represented as a young man pitted against the Prince, who is apparently of the same age (this is also the case in *Richard II*); he engages in combat with the Prince at Shrewsbury; the Prince rescues his father from the Douglas; Glendower is absent from the battle; in the last interview between the Prince and his father, Henry laments his inability to make a crusade and the manner in which he has achieved the crown; he advises the Prince to busy the minds of his subjects with a great enterprise. Daniel and Shakespeare may both have been following some source as yet unknown; but, in at least one instance, Daniel apologizes for the liberty he has taken (see *Epistle Dedicatorie* in 1609 ed.) in making the young Queen older than she was, an addition characteristic of Daniel. There are comparatively few close verbal resemblances: but it looks as if Shakespeare had a general knowledge of Daniel's *Civil Wars*; and if so, that *Richard II*, as well as *1 and 2 Henry IV*, is later than 1595. It should also be said in this connection that *Richard II* points strongly forward in many of its scenes to the later plays of the series, and is in perfect harmony with them in its underlying ideas.

*Richard II*, like *Twelfth Night*, has a disproportionately large amount of rhyme for the time at which it is usually

dated, and this would be still greater if we assigned the play to 1595-1596; but rhyme is a conscious element in composition; it may have been due to reaction or to some passing literary influence. The other metrical tests offer no obstacles to so late an assignment; but are, in fact, confirmatory. It is to be noted that rhyme militates against the speech-ending test, and that, though *Richard II* is not high in feminine endings (11 per cent), it has a full number of feminine mid-line syllables. It is also true that *Richard II* has a great many verbal conceits, puns, epigrams, and rhetorical figures, things characteristic of Shakespeare's early work. This kind of language is, however, put mainly into the mouths of Richard and of Gaunt, as if with the conscious purpose of characterization.

*Source.* — Shakespeare's principal source for *Richard II* is Holinshed's *Chronicles*, which he often follows with surprising fidelity. A few small details may be derived from Hall's *Chronicle*. The account of Mowbray's death may come from Stow's *Annals*. Matters for which there is no known source, besides the things mentioned above in connection with Daniel's *Civil Wars*, are the women characters; the deathbed scene of Gaunt (II. i.); the parts of the gardener and his servant (III. iv), and the groom (V. v). The principal divergences from Holinshed in the main story are changes in time and place. Thus, in the third act, all of the events attending the capture of Richard are made to take place at Flint Castle, the surrender of which is retarded; and, in the fourth act, the events of three different meetings of Parliament are

combined into one. The character of Richard Shakespeare has built up from the events of that monarch's lavish, corrupt reign and from his deeds. He has transformed Gaunt from a turbulent, selfish politician into the type and pattern of ancient and venerable patriotism. Aumerle has been aligned with the party of Richard. Shakespeare has made Mowbray a sympathetic figure by the story of his later career. In York he has developed, from Holinshed's "verelie a man of gentle nature," a character of considerable complexity and interest. He has shielded Bolingbroke, and made the manner of his usurpation less hateful; partly, by making him a man of impersonal and patriotic ends, and, partly, by ignoring his trickery and softening his treatment of Richard and others of his enemies.

*Political Significance of the Play.* — The subject of the deposition of Richard II had political significance in the later years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth because of a movement to depose the Queen herself. In 1599 Sir John Hayward gave offense by publishing his *History of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV*, and was censured and imprisoned by the Star Chamber. William Lambard, quoted by John Nichols (*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, III. 552*), says that shortly before her death the Queen was looking over a volume of his *Pandecta Rotulorum*, and "So her Majestie fell upon the reign of Richard II, saying, 'I am Richard II, know ye not that?' W. L. 'Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind Gent., the most adorned creature [apparently Essex] that ever your Majestie made.' *Her Majestie.* 'He that will forget God.

will also forget his benefactors; this tragedy was played 40 times in the open streets and houses.'” A play on the subject figured in the trial of Essex in February, 1600. From the examination of Augustine Phillips, an actor in the Lord Chamberlain’s Company, it appears that some of Essex’s party hired the company to present “the play of the deposing and kylling of Kyng Rychard the second” for the purpose, so it was charged, of inciting the people to rebellion. Phillips and his fellows held “the play of Kyng Rychard to be so old & so long out of vse as that they shold have small or no Company at yt”; but, in consideration of “xls. more then their ordynary for yt,” they played it on the eve of Essex’s rebellion. According to Sir Gelly Meyricke, also examined on the subject, the play was “of Kyng Harry iijth and the kylling of kyng Rychard the second played by the Lord Chamberlen’s players,” and at the Globe. (*Domestic State Papers, Elizabeth, cclxxviii.* 78 and 85.) Camden (*Annals*) recounts the charge *quod exoletam tragoediam de tragica abdicatione Regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjurationis participibus data pecunia agi curasset.* There is no reason to doubt that this was Shakespeare’s *Richard II.* It had already a political significance, as witnessed by the omission from the two quartos issued during the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth of the abdication scene in the fourth act. Essex and Southampton probably had this in mind when the play was called for. The fact that it is spoken of as an old play has no significance, for plays were very quickly antiquated on the Elizabethan stage. Shakespeare’s company retained a copy of the play, as is indicated by its use in the preparation of F<sub>1</sub>.

It is on precisely the subject described, and the argument, urged by the Clarendon Press editors, that it is ill adapted to the end of raising a revolt, because it attracts sympathy for Richard, and that the conspirators disavowed any attempt upon the life of their sovereign, can be answered by saying that we are expressly told that it was a play of the killing of King Richard, and that the use of any play, and of this play in particular, is singularly in keeping with that sentimental and impractical rebellion.

*Relations to Contemporary Drama.* — There are two other plays preserved which deal with the reign of Richard II: *The Life and Death of Jack Straw* (1593, Dodsley, vol. V), which has to do with the peasant insurrection of 1381; and a *Chronicle* (1591. *A Tragedy of King Richard II, Sh. Jahrbuch*, XXXV), which begins with Richard's marriage to Anne of Bohemia and ends with the murder of Gloucester. Dr. Simon Forman saw a play, now lost, at the Globe on April 30, 1611, which seems, from his account, to have dealt with the events of the whole of Richard II's reign. A play called "perce of extone," by Wilson, Dekker, Drayton, and Chettle, is mentioned by Henslowe.<sup>1</sup>

A remarkably close parallelism exists between Shakespeare's *Richard II* and Marlowe's *Edward II*, but it arises mainly from the subjects themselves. In both plays there is a weak king misusing his governmental office, misled by favorites, blind to his impending doom and arrogant until that doom falls upon him; then greatly wronged and

<sup>1</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, London, I. 85.

appealing strongly to our sympathies. The *Dramatis Personæ* correspond closely; there are many situations which inevitably resemble each other; and Shakespeare recalls Marlowe in a considerable number of individual passages. But the differences are more significant than the resemblances are, and it is probable that Shakespeare was forced into a different and a new manner of treatment by the very similarity of his subject to that of Marlowe and by his very familiarity with Marlowe's great play. *Edward II* is a tragedy of incident and situation, in which Nemesis follows guilt and error; it is like *Richard III* in its dramatic type. *Richard II* is a tragedy of character. Richard does not struggle, as Edward does, to prevent his overthrow; his character dooms him, prevents him from struggling. *Richard II* is thus, it may be because of the existence of Marlowe's *Edward II*, the first Shakespearean tragedy of the type of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*.

*Style.* — There are two styles in the blank verse of *Richard II*, a plain style and a rhetorical style; and the two are used to offset each other. Richard, Gaunt, Mowbray, and the Queen almost always speak on the higher level; and other characters, when they are under stress of great emotion, as when York and his Duchess discuss the fall of Richard, or are under the immediate influence of Richard or Gaunt, occasionally rise to a level of declamation. Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others of their party are made to speak more directly and simply, with the manifest purpose of contrasting them as practical men with the more sentimental and less practical Gaunt, Richard, and Richard's party. Not only are

the styles contrasted as between the two sets of speakers, but also in the speeches of the King himself; for the normal level of prosaic life is marked off by his lapses into the plain style; as when he says, "Now mark me, how I will undo myself" (IV. i. 203), or "I had forgot myself; am I not a king?" (III. ii. 83), and then launches forth into rhapsodical utterance. The styles are related to each other almost as poetry and prose are in the later plays. The use of the plainer, more conversational style is significant. It is comparatively new in Shakespeare; whereas, the rhetorical style of blank verse is like the style of Marlowe and is the prevailing though not the only form in *Richard III* and the three parts of *Henry VI*. The new style shows already a tendency to absorb the action, and is not improbably to be regarded as the beginning of the free blank verse of the later plays, in which Shakespearean dialogue approximates the language of real life.

The more ornate style, however, is not to be entirely identified with Marlowesque rhetoric. In the speeches of Richard especially it is marked by an elaborateness, even delicacy, of fancy, which tends to run into wire-drawn conceits rather than into bombast and rant. We have here not merely a stage in the development towards realism of Shakespeare's verse and diction, but a use of style in the service of characterization; for the peculiar appeal made to our sympathy by the figure of this helpless King depends to no small extent on the impression we receive of an imagination constantly beguiling its possessor into picturesque bypaths, when the necessity of the situation calls for a prosaic recognition of actual conditions.



*Stage History.* — The statement on the title-page of Q<sub>3</sub>, "As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties seruantes at the Globe," points to a revival of *Richard II* in the early part of the reign of King James I. There are references, which it is impossible to verify, in the journal of Captain William Keeling (See *Narratives of Voyages towards the North-West*. Hakluyt Society, 1849) to performances of *Hamlet* and *Richard II* on board his ship "Dragon" off the coast of Sierra Leone on September 30, 1607. The issue of the later Q<sub>q</sub> indicates for *Richard II* a certain degree of popularity in the early seventeenth century. Nahum Tate adapted the play as *The Sicilian Usurper* in 1681, when it again gave offense because of the political bearing of its subject. A version by Theobald was acted in 1718 and in 1738, and, on the latter occasion, it again gave political offense, this time because it was regarded as an attack upon Walpole's foreign policy. In more or less modified stage versions, the play was acted in the late eighteenth century and repeatedly in the nineteenth century. Macready, Edmund Kean, Charles Kean (in very elaborate fashion), Junius Booth, Edmund Booth, Beerbohm Tree, and others played it in England and America; in Germany it has been still more popular and successful.

*Interpretation.* — *Richard II* lacks the objective qualities which have made *Richard III* popular; and it contains no realistic depictions of common life, such as form one of the principal charms of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. It was evidently written as a tragedy, and not as a chronicle play; and comic matter is, probably intentionally, ex-

cluded from it. The theme of the play is embodied in the character of Richard. His enjoyment of his own emotions, his refusal to see any world but a world of ideas, his increasing intellectual activity and constantly decreasing power of action make him a remarkably interesting example of the sentimentalist. His idea of what is real, and not reality itself, defeats him; he rejects, with characteristic manifestations of cruelty, all attempts to make him live in the world of fact; and yet, in spite of all, he is so eloquent, so sincere, so personally attractive, so spiritually courageous in his adherence to his failing doctrine of divine vicarship, so surely possessed of a nobler nature, though it manifests itself only in the last moment of his life, that his character is deeply tragic. Coleridge has found in York an admirably drawn character; and the picture of Bolingbroke, with his keen, impersonal intellectuality, has never received the recognition that it deserves as a masterpiece of character portrayal. Bolingbroke is as efficient as Richard is inefficient. With his feet solidly planted on fact, he advances towards his object with remorseless steadiness and patience, quietly sarcastic, a good judge of men, subtly playing upon the feelings of others to achieve his purpose, a treasonous purpose; and yet, withal, he is the man of the time, just and masterful, needed by his country in the crisis where she stood. Shakespeare does not pronounce judgment upon the moral issue between Bolingbroke and his King. Richard's fall was inevitable, England demanded it; and yet Shakespeare does not exculpate Bolingbroke from treason and regicide.



**The Tragedy of**  
**Richard the Second**

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**KING RICHARD II.**

**JOHN OF GAUNT**, duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the King.

**EDMUND OF LANGLEY**, duke of York, }

**HENRY**, surnamed **BOLINGBROKE**, duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards **KING HENRY IV.**

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**, son to the duke of York.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**, duke of Norfolk.

**DUKE OF SURREY.**

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

**LORD BERKELEY.**

**BUSHY,** }

**BAGOT,** } servants to King Richard.

**GREEN,** }

**EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.**

**HENRY PERCY**, surnamed **HOTSPUR**, his son.

**LORD ROSS.**

**LORD WILLOUGHBY.**

**LORD FITZWATER.**

**BISHOP OF CARLISLE.**

**ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.**

**LORD MARSHAL.**

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.**

**SIR PIERCE** of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Two Gardeners.

**QUEEN** to King Richard.

**DUCHESS OF YORK.**

**DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.**

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*]

The Tragedy of  
Richard the Second



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*London. King Richard's palace.*]

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles  
and Attendants.*

**K. Rich.** Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear, 5  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

**K. Rich.** Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him  
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10  
On some known ground of treachery in him ?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
 On some apparent danger seen in him  
 Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*] Face to face, 15  
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
 The accuser and the accused freely speak.  
 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray [with Attendants].*

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befall 20

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Mow.* Each day still better other's happiness,  
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
 Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both; yet one but flatters  
 us, 25

As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
 Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.  
 Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, heaven be the record to my speech! 30  
 In the devotion of a subject's love,  
 Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,  
 And free from other misbegotten hate,  
 Come I appellat to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, 35  
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live, 40  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move, 45  
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword  
may prove.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ; 50  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech, 55  
Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him ; 60  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain ;



Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable 65  
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Meantime let this defend my loyalty :  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King, 70  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.  
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else, 75  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Mow.* I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial ;  
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge ?

It must be great that can inherit us 85  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it  
 true :

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-  
ments, 90

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,  
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge

That ever was surveyed by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years 95

Complotted and contrived in this land

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and  
spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's  
death, 100

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,

And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of  
blood ;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth, 105

To me for justice and rough chastisement ;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ? 110

*Mow.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
 Till I have told this slander of his blood  
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears. 118

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
 As he is but my father's brother's son,  
 Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,  
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120  
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
 He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.  
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Mow.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou  
 liest. 125

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
 Disburs'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers;  
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
 Upon remainder of a dear account, 130  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death  
 I slew him not; but to my own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster, 135  
 The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;

But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament  
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140  
 Your Grace's pardon ; and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor ;  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ; 145  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150  
 Your Highness to assign our trial day.

**K. Rich.** Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.  
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision. 155  
 Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
 / Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

**Gaunt.** To be a make-peace shall become my age. 160  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

**K. Rich.** And, Norfolk, throw down his.

**Gaunt.** When, Harry, when !  
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

**K. Rich.** Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no  
 boot.

*Mow.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot ; 165  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.  
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffi'd here, 170  
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
 Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood ;  
 Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots. Take but my  
 shame, 175

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
 In that I live, and for that will I die. 185

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw up your gage. Do you begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !  
 Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight,  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height 189  
 Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue

Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, 194  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's  
 face. *Exit Gaunt.*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command ;  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate.  
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
 Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms  
 Be ready to direct these home alarms. 205  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*London. The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*]

*Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life !  
 But since correction lieth in those hands  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct, 5  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;

Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut; 15  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,  
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, 20  
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that  
womb,  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and  
breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent 25  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair.  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaught'ed, 30  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern Murder how to butcher thee.

That which in mean men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life, 35  
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,  
His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,  
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift 40  
An angry arm against His minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt!  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold 45  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, 50

That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell, old Gaunt! Thy sometimes brother's  
wife

With her companion grief must end her life. 55

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.

As much good stay with thee as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it  
falls,

*Mowbray*





*Aum.* Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay 5  
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles,  
Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others. When  
they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with  
a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms.  
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

*Mar.* In God's name and the King's, say who thou art  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy  
quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;  
And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour ! 15

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-  
folk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath —  
Which God defend a knight should violate ! —  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue, 20  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my King, and me :  
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven ! 25

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant,  
in armour, with a Herald.*

**K. Rich.** Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war,  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

**Mar.** What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou  
hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy  
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

**Boling.** Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby 35  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me; 40  
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

**Mar.** On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the Marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs. 45

**Boling.** Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his Majesty;

For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave                   50  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appelland in all duty greets your Highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,                   55  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.                   60  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.  
My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;  
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,                   65  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,                   70  
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,                   75

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !  
Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, *hurd* 80  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and  
live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive !

*Mow.* However God or Fortune cast my lot, 85  
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest 95  
Go I to fight ; truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord ; securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 100  
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

*Mar.* [To an officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas,  
Duke of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and him-  
self, 105

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him ;  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of  
Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal ;  
Courageously and with a free desire 115  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.  
*A charge sounded.*

Stay ! The King hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their  
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again. 120  
Withdraw with us ; and let the trumpets sound  
While we return these dukes what we decree.

*A long flourish.*

Draw near

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be  
soil'd 125

With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'  
sword ;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130

With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;  
Which, so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,  
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, 135  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;

Therefore, we banish you our territories.  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done. This must my comfort be,  
That sun that warms you here shall shine on  
me ; 145

And those his golden beams to you here lent  
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.

The sly, slow hours shall not determinate 150

✓ The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;

The hopeless word of "never to return "

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your Highness'  
mouth. 155

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forgo ; 160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony. 165

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;

And dull unfeeling barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170

Too far in years to be a pupil now.

✓ What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
breath ?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate.

After our sentence plaining comes too late. 175



*Mow.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to God — 180  
Our part therein we banish with yourselves —  
To keep the oath that that we administer :  
You never shall, so help you truth and God !  
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
Nor never look upon each other's face ; 185  
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
This luring tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 190

*Boling.* I swear.

*Mow.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy : —  
By this time, had the King permitted us,  
One of our souls had wand'ed in the air, 195  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land ;  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200

*Mow.* No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. 205  
 Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210  
 Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen  
 winters spent,  
 Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
 End in a word : such is the breath of kings. 215

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
 He shortens four years of my son's exile ;  
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby,  
 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moons and bring their times  
 about, 220

My oil-dri'd lamp and time-bewasted light  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;  
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live. 225

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, King, that thou canst give.  
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.

Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage. 230

Thy word is current with him for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour? 235

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more  
mild. 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say  
I was too strict to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue 245  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so.  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

*Flourish. Exeunt [King Richard and train].*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell! What presence must not  
know,

From where you do remain let paper show. 250

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you 255  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? They are quickly  
gone. 260

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps 265  
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits 275  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not the King did banish thee,

But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit 280  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
And not the King exil'd thee ; or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime. 285

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com'st.  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence  
strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290  
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ? 295

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy  
way ;

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay. 305

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil,  
adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*The Court.*]

*Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door ; and  
the Duke of Aumerle at another.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were  
shed ? 5

*Aum.* Faith, none for me ; except the northeast wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with  
him ? 10

*Aum.* "Farewell !"

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave. 15  
 Marry, would the word "farewell" have length'ned  
 hours

And added years to his short banishment,  
 He should have had a volume of farewells ;  
 But since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt, 20  
 When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
 Ourselves and Bushy, [Bagot here and Green]  
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;  
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts 25  
 With humble and familiar courtesy,  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him. 30  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
 friends,"

As were our England in reversion his, 35  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go these  
 thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,

Ere further leisure yield them further means 40  
 For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war ;  
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
 We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm ; 45  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50  
 And send them after to supply our wants ;  
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

[*Bushy*, what news ?]

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste 55  
 To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in the physician's mind  
 To help him to his grave immediately ! 60  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late !

*All.]* Amen.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

[*London. Ely House.*]

*Enter John of Gaunt, sick, with the Duke of York, etc.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breathe my  
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men 5  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in  
vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words  
in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
glose. 10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives be-  
fore.

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past.  
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not  
 hear, 15

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
 As praises, of whose taste the wise are found,  
 Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
 The open ear of youth doth always listen; 20  
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
 Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation  
 Limp after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity —  
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile — 25  
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose;  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou  
 lose. 30

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd  
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :  
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are  
 short ; 35  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder ;  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scept' red isle, 40

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world, 45

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house

Against the envy of less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-

land, 50

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

For Christian service and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry, 55

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,

Like to a tenement or pelting farm. 60

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.

That England, that was wont to conquer others, 65

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King Richard and Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,  
 Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

*York.* The King is come. Deal mildly with his youth ;  
 For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle Lancaster ? 71

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? How is't with aged  
 Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.

Within me Grief hath kept a tedious fast ; 75

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ; 80

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself. 85

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be. 91

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now He that made me knows I see thee ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land 95

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy  
shame, 106

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease ; 110

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king.

Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law,

And thou —

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool, 115

Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence.  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 For that I was his father Edward's son. 125  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd.  
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,  
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!  
 May be a precedent and witness good 130  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.  
 Join with the present sickness that I have,  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be! 136  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;  
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

*Exit [borne off by his Attendants].*

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your Majesty, impute his words 141

To wayward sickliness and age in him.  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true. As Hereford's love, so  
 his ; 145  
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your  
 Majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he ?

*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said.  
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;  
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !  
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;  
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
 So much for that. Now for our Irish wars. 155  
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
 Which live like venom where no venom else  
 But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160  
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how long  
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-  
ment, 165

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.  
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman. 175

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French  
And not against his friends. His noble hand  
Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between. 185

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

*York.* O my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands



The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ? 190

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from

Time

195

His charters and his customary rights ;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;

Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king

But by fair sequence and succession ?

Now, afore God — God forbid I say true ! — 200

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys general to sue

His livery, and deny his off' red homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, 205

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands. 210

*York.* I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell !

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;

But by bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good.

*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight,

Bid him repair to us to Ely House 216

To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England ; 220

For he is just and always lov'd us well.

Come on, our queen ; to-morrow must we part.

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,*

*Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too ; for now his son is duke. — 225

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenues.

*North.* Richly in both, if Justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er

speak more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Willo.* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke

of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him ; 235

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are

borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe  
Of noble blood in this declining land. 240

The King is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the King severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. 245

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts ; the nobles hath he  
fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd,  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what. 250  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North.* Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with  
blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars. 255

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man,

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding, 260  
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, 265  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;  
And unavoyded is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say 271  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost  
ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland.  
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so, 275  
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be  
bold.

*North.* Then thus : I have from Le Port Blanc, a bay  
In Brittany, received intelligence  
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord  
Cobham,

[The son and heir of the Earl of Arundel,] 280  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Fran-  
cis Coines,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne 285  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 The first departing of the King for Ireland. 290  
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
 And make high majesty look like itself, 295  
 Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh ;  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that  
 fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. 300  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*Windsor Castle.*]

*Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.  
 You promis'd, when you parted with the King,  
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness  
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the King I did ; to please myself 5  
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
 Why I should welcome such a guest as Grief,  
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,  
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10  
 Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
 With nothing trembles. At something it grieves,  
 More than with parting from my lord the King.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
 Which shows like grief itself, but is not so; 15  
 For sorrow's eyes, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
 Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
 Show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry  
 Distinguish form; so your sweet Majesty, 20  
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;  
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,  
 More than your lord's departure weep not. More  
     's not seen; 25

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
 Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,  
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad 30  
 As, though on thinking on no thought I think,  
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
 From some forefather grief; mine is not so, 35

For nothing hath begot my something grief,  
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.  
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;  
 But what it is, that is not yet known ; what,  
 I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

*Enter Green.*

*Green.* God save your Majesty ! and well met, gentlemen.

I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so ? 'Tis better hope he is ;  
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50  
 At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid !

*Green.* Ah, madam, 'tis too true ; and, that is worse,  
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry  
 Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him. 55

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors ?

*Green.* We have ; whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him 60  
To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother, 65  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me ?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope. He is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter York.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck.  
O, full of careful business are his looks ! 75  
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.  
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.  
Here am I left to underprop his land,



Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him. 85

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!  
 The nobles they are fled; the commons they are  
 cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester; 90

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
 To-day, as I came by, I called there, —  
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest. 95

*York.* What is't, knave?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
 Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
 I know not what to do. I would to God, 100

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,

The King had cut off my head with my brother's.

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister, — cousin, I would say, — pray,  
 pardon me. 105

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts  
And bring away the armour that is there.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?  
If I know how or which way to order these affairs  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 110  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:  
T' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; t' other again  
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. 115  
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley.  
I should to Plashy too, 120  
But time will not permit. All is uneven,  
And everything is left at six and seven.

*Exeunt York and Queen.*

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy 125  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the King in love  
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons, for their love  
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. 131

*Bushy.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the King.

*Green.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle : 135

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office

The hateful commons will perform for us,

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us ? 140

*Bagot.* No ; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.

Farewell ! If heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes 145

Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans dry.

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III

*[Wilds in Gloucestershire.]*

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland [with forces].*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now ?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.  
 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
 Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome ;  
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, 6  
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
 But I bethink me what a weary way  
 From Ravenspurch to Cotswold will be found  
 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-  
 pany, 10

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
 The tediousness and process of my travel.  
 But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to have  
 The present benefit which I possess ;  
 And hope to joy is little less in joy 15  
 Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords  
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath  
 done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
 Than your good words. But who comes here ?

*Enter Henry Percy.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21  
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his  
 health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the Queen ? 25

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the King.

*North.* What was his reason ?  
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh 31  
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied there ;  
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh. 35

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord, for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now ; this is the  
Duke. 40

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure 45  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus  
seals it. 50

*North.* How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have  
heard;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and  
Seymour; 55

None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and Willoughby.*

*North.* Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor. All my treasury 60  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor, 65  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter Berkeley.*

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is — to Lancaster; 70  
And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out. 75

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time

And fright our native peace with self-borne  
arms. 80

*Enter York [attended].*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his Grace in person. My noble  
uncle! [Kneels.]

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceiveable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle — 85

*York.* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace"

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 90

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more "why?" Why have they dar'd  
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Fighting her pale-fac'd villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms ? 95

Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of  
men, 101

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee

And minister correction to thy fault ! 105

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.

On what condition stands it and wherein ?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,

In gross rebellion and detested treason.

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come 110

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace 115

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.

You are my father, for methinks in you

I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royal-  
ties 120



Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin; 125  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod  
down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father  
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.  
I am deni'd to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters patents give me leave. 130  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And I challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim 135  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this: 140  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs  
And labour'd all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be; 145  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

*Norh.* The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own ; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ; 150  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that  
oath !

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left ;  
But if I could, by Him that gave me life, 155  
I would attach you all and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King ;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;  
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your Grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices, 165  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you ; but yet I'll  
pause,  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are. 170  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

[A camp in Wales.]

*Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.*

*Cap.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
 And yet we hear no tidings from the King ;  
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell !

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman. 5  
 The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the King is dead ; we will not stay.  
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd  
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth 10  
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;  
 Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,  
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other to enjoy by rage and war.  
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings. 15  
 Farewell ! Our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind  
 I see thy glory like a shooting star  
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20  
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.  
 Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *Exit.*

## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

[*Bristol. Before the castle.*]

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls —  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies —  
With too much urging your pernicious lives ;  
For 'twere no charity ; yet, to wash your blood 5  
From off my hands, here in the view of men  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean. 10  
You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul  
wrongs. 15

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the King in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,

Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,  
 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign, 25  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more than twice all  
 this,

Condemns you to the death. See them delivered  
 over

To execution and the hand of death. 30

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell !

*Green.* My comfort is that heaven will take our souls  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dis-  
 patch'd. 35

*[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the  
 prisoners.]*

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house ;  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated ;  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends.  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd 40  
 With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,  
 To fight with Glendower and his complices.  
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*]

*Drums: flourish and colours. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,  
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy  
 To stand upon my kingdom once again. 5  
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand.  
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.  
 As a long-parted mother with her child  
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10  
 And do thee favours with my royal hands.  
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;  
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way, 15  
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.  
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king 25  
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you  
 king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
 The means that heavens yield must be embrac'd,  
 And not neglected; else, if heaven would 30  
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
 Grows strong and great in substance and in  
 power. 35

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not  
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
 In murders and in outrage, boldly here; 40  
 But when from under this terrestrial ball  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
backs, 45

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king; 55

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60

A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,

Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the  
right.

*Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your  
power?

*Sal.* Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my  
tongue 65

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.



One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting  
 men! 70

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy  
 state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; why looks your Grace so  
 pale? 75

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
 And, till so much blood thither come again,  
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
 All souls that will be safe fly from my side, 80  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself; am I not King?  
 Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.  
 Is not the King's name twenty thousand names? 85  
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,  
 Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?  
 High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York  
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
 comes here? 90

*Enter Scroop.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 'twas my care ;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care ? 96

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?  
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects ? That we cannot mend ; 100  
They break their faith to God as well as us.  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay ;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity. 105  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 110  
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than  
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless  
scalps

Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown ; 115  
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;  
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
 Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? Where is Bagot ?  
 What is become of Bushy ? Where is Green ?  
 That they have let the dangerous enemy  
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?  
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. 126  
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man ! 130  
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !  
 Would they make peace ? Terrible hell make war  
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property, 135  
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.  
 Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made  
 With heads, and not with hands. Those whom  
 you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire  
dead? 141

*Scroop.* Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs; 145

Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills;

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath

Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground 155

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping  
kill'd;

All murder'd: for within the hollow crown 160

That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks, 165  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh which walls about our life  
 Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus  
 Comes at the last and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell  
 king ! 170

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;  
 For you have but mistook me all this while.  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, 175  
 Taste grief, need friends : subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me I am a king ?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180  
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight ;  
 And fight and die is death destroying death,  
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power ; inquire of him, 186  
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke,  
 I come  
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
 This ague fit of fear is over-blown ; 190

An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ; 195

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer by small and small

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.

[*To Aumerle.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead  
me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair ! 205

What say you now ? What comfort have we  
now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none. Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his  
 tongue. 216  
 Discharge my followers ; let them hence away,  
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

[*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*]

*Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants [and forces].*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn  
 The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury  
 Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
 With some few private friends upon this coast.  
*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord. 5  
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.  
*York.* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
 To say King Richard. Alack the heavy day  
 When such a sacred king should hide his head !  
*North.* Your Grace mistakes ; only to be brief 10  
 Left I his title out.  
*York.* The time hath been,  
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length.  
*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should. 15

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
Against their will. But who comes here ?

*Enter Percy.*

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle  
yield ? 20

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally !

Why, it contains no king ?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies 25  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone ;  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salis-  
bury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.

*North.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

*Boling.* Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :  
Henry Bolingbroke 35  
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand  
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart



To his most royal person, hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40  
And lands restor'd again be freely granted.  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-  
men ;  
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-  
broke 45  
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50  
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning  
drum,  
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements 55  
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water ;  
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain  
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him. 60  
March on, and mark King Richard how he  
looks.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a flourish.  
Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of  
Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent 65  
To dim his glory and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king! Behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, 70  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood  
[*To North.*]

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget 75  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends,

Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, 85  
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown. 90  
 Tell Bolingbroke — for yon methinks he stands —  
 That every stride he makes upon my land  
 Is dangerous treason. He is come to open  
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, 95  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of heaven forbid our lord the King 101  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin  
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears, 105  
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 And by the worth and honour of himself, 110  
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
 His coming hither hath no further scope

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;  
 Which on thy royal party granted once, 115  
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
 To faithful service of your Majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;  
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the King returns :  
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
 And all the number of his fair demands  
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast 125  
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[*Northumberland withdraws to Bolingbroke.*]

[*To Aumerle.*] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we  
 not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?  
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? 130

*Aum.* No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words  
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful  
 swords.

*K. Rich.* O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 On yon proud man, should take it off again 135  
 With words of sooth ! O that I were as great  
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !

Or that I could forget what I have been,  
 Or not remember what I must be now !  
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope  
 to beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the King do now? Must he  
 submit?

The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose 145

The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, 150

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave;

Or I'll be buried in the King's highway, 155  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects'  
 feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,  
 And buried once, why not upon my head?  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears. 161  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?  
As thus, to drop them still upon one place, 166  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth ; and, therein laid, — there lies  
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping  
eyes.

Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see 170  
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
What says King Bolingbroke ? Will his Majesty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay. 175

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
To speak with you, may it please you to come  
down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come ; like glist'ring Phae-  
thon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow  
base, 180

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court !  
down, king !

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should  
sing. [Exeunt from above.]

*Boling.* What says his Majesty ?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man ; 185  
 Yet he is come.

[*Enter King Richard and his Attendants below.*]

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his Majesty.

*He kneels down.*

My gracious lord, —

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee 190  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
 Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although  
 your knee be low. 195

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve ; they well deserve to  
 have, 200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hands : nay, dry your eyes ;  
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
 Though you are old enough to be my heir. 205

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;

For do we must what force will have us do.

Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.*

Then I must not say no.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV

[*Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*]

*Enter the Queen and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias. 5

*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales. 10

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy?

*Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl;  
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had, 15  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;



For what I have I need not to repeat,  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou  
weep. 20

*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

But stay, here come the gardeners.  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees. 25  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
Against a change ; woe is forerun with woe.

*[Queen and Ladies retire.]*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire 30  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth ; 35  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*Serv.* Why should we in the compass of a pale 40  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd, 45  
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace.  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.  
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter, 50  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,  
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful King. O, what pity  
is it 55  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself; 60  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live ;  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown, 65  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you the King shall be depos'd ?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and depos'd  
'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, 70  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of  
speaking ! [*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
den,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this un-  
pleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee 75  
To make a second fall of cursed man ?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd ?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and  
how,

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings ? Speak, thou  
wretch. 80

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam ; little joy have I  
To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weigh'd.  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, 85  
And some few vanities that make him light ;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so ; 90  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep 95  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?  
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

*Exeunt [Queen and Ladies].*

*Gard.* Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace. 105  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT FOURTH

### SCENE I

[*London. Westminster Hall.*]

*Enter as to the Parliament Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster [and another Lord], Herald, and Officers.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

*Enter Bagot.*

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,  
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end. 5

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloucester's death was  
plotted, 10

I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head ?"  
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
 I heard you say that you had rather refuse 15  
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;  
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
 In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes and noble lords,  
 What answer shall I make to this base man ? 20  
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
 On equal terms to give him chastisement ?  
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
 With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.  
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death, 25  
 That marks thee out for hell. I say, thou liest,  
 And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up. 30

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
 In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.  
 By that fair sun which shows me where thou  
 stand'st, 35  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death,  
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ; 45  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* An if I do not, may my hands rot off  
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

*Another Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn  
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. 56

*Aum.* Who sets me else ? By heaven, I'll throw at  
all !

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true ; you were in presence then,  
And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

65

*Surrey.*

Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge

Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull;

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; 70

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, 75

And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal;

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,

That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,

If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour. 85

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd. Repeal'd he shall be,

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again

To all his lands and signories. When he's re-  
turn'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90



*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ; 95  
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
 To Italy ; and there at Venice gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

*Boling.* Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Car.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet Peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
 bosom  
 Of good old Abraham ! Lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage 105  
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter York [attended].*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
 From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing  
 soul  
 Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
 To the possession of thy royal hand. 110  
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;  
 And long live Henry, fourth of that name !

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid !

Worst in this royal presence may I speak, 115  
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ! Then true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them ;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty, 125  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God,  
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd 130  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ; 135  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,  
The blood of English shall manure the ground, ✓  
And future ages groan for this foul act.  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house, 145

It will the woefullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you "woe!"

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here. 151

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'  
suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view 155

He may surrender; so we shall proceed

Without suspicion.

*York.*

I will be his conduct.

*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer.

Little are we beholding to your love, 160

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter York, with Richard [and Officers bearing the  
crown and sceptre].*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me 166

To this submission. Yet I well remember

The favours of these men. Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, "All hail!" to me?

So Judas did to Christ; but He, in twelve, 170

Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,  
none.

God save the King! — Will no man say amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.

God save the King! although I be not he;

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —

To do what service am I sent for hither? 176

*York.* To do that office of thine own good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,

The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. — Here, cousin, seize the  
crown;

Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets, filling one another, 185

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water.

That bucket down and full of tears am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

*K. Rich.* My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares

down.

195

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;

Your care is gain of care, by new care won.

The cares I give I have, though given away ;

They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown ? 200

*K. Rich.* Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself.

I give this heavy weight from off my head

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, 205

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ; 211

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee ! 215

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !  
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit ! 219  
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
 And send him many years of sunshine days !  
 — What more remains ?

*North.*

No more, but that you read  
 [*Presenting a paper.*]

These accusations and these grievous crimes  
 Committed by your person and your followers  
 Against the state and profit of this land ; 225  
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so ? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
 If thy offences were upon record, 230  
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,  
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
 Containing the deposing of a king  
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath, 235  
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.  
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me  
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands  
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates 240  
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see ;  
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much 245  
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest ;  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ; 250  
 Made glory base, a sovereignty a slave,  
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord, —

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
 Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title ; 255  
 No, not that name was given me at the font,  
 But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself !  
 O that I were a mockery king of snow, 260  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops !  
 Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight, 265  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

*North.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me e'er I come to hell!

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland. ✓

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfi'd.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfi'd. I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself. 275

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity, 280  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Is this the face which fac'd so many follies, 285  
That was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face;  
As brittle as the glory is the face,

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.



*K. Rich.*

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see.

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within; 295

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

There lies the substance; and I thank thee, King,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300

Me cause to wail but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.*

Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* "Fair cousin"? I am greater than a king; 305

For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask. 310

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! convey! Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves. 320  
[*Exeunt all but the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot  
of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ? 325

*Abbot.* My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears.  
Come home with me to supper ; and I'll lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I

[*London. A street leading to the Tower.*]

*Enter Queen and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the King will come ; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth                   5  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter Richard and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither ; yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. 10  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When Triumph is become an alehouse guest ? 15  
*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream ;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity; and he and I 21  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France  
And cloister thee in some religious house.  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have thrown down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weak'ned? Hath Bolingbroke  
depos'd

Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw, 29  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take the correction, mildly kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men. 36  
Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for  
France.

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40  
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

And send the hearers weeping to their beds. 45  
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
 And in compassion weep the fire out ;  
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
 For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

*Enter Northumberland [and others].*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;  
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;  
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, 56  
 The time shall not be many hours of age  
 More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
 Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
 Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
 It is too little, helping him to all ; 61  
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the  
 way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
 The love of wicked men converts to fear ; 66  
 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
 To worthy danger and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave and part ; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd ! Bad men, you violate 71

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,

And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. 75

Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;

My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,

Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

*Queen.* And must we be divided ? Must we part ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the King with me.

*North.* That were some love but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go. 85

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being  
short, 91

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. 96

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part  
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. —  
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay.  
 Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*London. The Duke of York's palace.*]

*Enter York and his Duchess.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
 When weeping made you break the story off,  
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave ?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
 Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows'  
 tops 5  
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,  
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10  
 Whilst all tongues cried, "God save thee, Boling-  
 broke !"

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
 So many greedy looks of young and old  
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls           15  
 With painted imagery had said at once,  
 "Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"  
 Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,  
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
 Bespake them thus: "I thank you, countrymen."  
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.       21

*Duch.* Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,           25  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on gentle Richard. No man cried,  
 "God save him!"

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,       30  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience,  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.           36  
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bow our calm contents.



To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow. 40

*Enter Aumerle.*

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was ;  
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
And lasting fealty to the new made king. 45

*Duch.* Welcome, my son ! Who are the violets now  
That strew the green lap of the new come spring ?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.  
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime. 51  
What news from Oxford ? Do these jousts and  
triumphs hold ?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent not, I purpose so. 55

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy  
bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? Let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who see it.  
I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me. 60

It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear, —

*Duch.* What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is ent'red into 65  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself ! What doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me. I may not show it. 70

*York.* I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*

Treason ! foul treason ! Villain ! traitor ! slave !

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*York.* Ho ! who is within there ?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here ! 75

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord ?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,  
I will appeach the villain.

*Duch.* What is the matter ?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman. 80

*Duch.* I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*York.* Bring me my boots; I will unto the King.

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art  
amaz'd. 85

— Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have? 90

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman, 95

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the King at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;

We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my  
son, 101

I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him  
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed, 105  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman !  
*Exit.*

*Duch.* After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ; 111  
Spur post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,  
'I doubt not but to ride as fast as York. 115  
And never will I rise up from the ground  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be  
gone ! *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

[*Windsor Castle.*]

*Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?  
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there, 5  
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
 With unrestrained loose companions,  
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;  
 Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10  
 Takes on the point of honour to support  
 So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,  
 And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant? 15

*Percy.* His answer was, he would unto the stews,  
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
 And wear it as a favour ; and with that  
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate ; yet through both 20  
 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years  
 May happily bring forth, But who comes here ?

*Enter Aumerle, amazed.*

*Aum.* Where is the King ?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that he stares and  
 looks .

So wildly ? 25

*Aum.* God save your Grace ! I do beseech your  
 Majesty,

To have some conference with your Grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 30

[*Kneeling.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof with my mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Boling.* Intended or committed was this fault ?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love I pardon thee. 35

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire.

[*Aumerle locks the door.*] *York knocks at the door and crieth.*

*York.* (*Within.*) My liege, beware ! Look to thyself ;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand ; thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King !

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?

Open the door, or I will break it open. 45

*Enter York.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle ? Speak ;

Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd.  
I do repent me ; read not my name there.  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King ; 55  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !  
O loyal father of a treacherous son ! 60  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy pas-  
sages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself !  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse 65  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies.  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* (*Within.*) What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,  
let me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager  
cry? 75

*Duch.* A woman, and thy aunt, great King; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door!  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alt'ed from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King,"  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in: 81  
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
This fest'ed joint cut off, the rest rest sound; 85  
This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter Duchess.*

*Duch.* O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!  
Love loving not itself none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle  
liege. [Kneels.]

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech.  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy, 95  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.



*Aun.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*]

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended  
be.

[*Kneels.*]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest ? Look upon his face ; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prays but faintly and would be deni'd ;

We pray with heart and soul and all beside.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ; 105

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 110

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say, "Stand up" ;

Say "Pardon" first, and afterwards "Stand up."

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now. 115

Say "pardon," King ; let pity teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;

No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, King ; say, "*Pardonne moi.*"

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, 121

That set'st the word itself against the word !  
 Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land ;  
 The chopping French we do not understand.  
 Thine eye begins to speak ; set thy tongue there ;  
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ; 126  
 That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand ;  
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !  
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again.  
 Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* I pardon him with all my heart. 135

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,  
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.  
 Good uncle, help to order several powers 140  
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.  
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where.  
 Uncle, farewell ; and, cousin, adieu !  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you  
 true. 145

*Duch.* Come, my old son ; I pray God make thee new.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

[Another room in the same.]

*Enter Exton and Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”

Was it not so?

*Serv.* These were his very words.

*Exton.* “Have I no friend?” quoth he. He spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not? 5

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,

As who should say, “I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;”

Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go.

I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. 11

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V

[Pomfret Castle. A ward room.]

*Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world;

And for because the world is populous

And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out. 5  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father ; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humours like the people of this world. 10  
For no thought is contented: The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples and do set the word itself  
Against the word :  
As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again, 15  
"It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars 25  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there ;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like. 30  
Thus play I in one person many people,

And none contented. Sometimes am I king ;  
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar ;  
And so I am. Then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king ; 35  
Then am I king'd again : and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd 40  
With being nothing. Music do I hear? *Music.*  
Ha, ha ! keep time ! How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke and no proportion kept !  
So is it in the music of men's lives.  
And here have I the daintiness of ear 45  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me ;  
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring  
clock. 50  
My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they  
jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward  
watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is 55  
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and groans  
 Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. 60  
 This music mads me; let it sound no more;  
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard 65  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter a Groom of the Stable.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.*

Thanks, noble peer!

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
 What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,  
 Where no man never comes but that sad dog 70  
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,  
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
 With much ado at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometimes royal master's  
 face. 75

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld  
 In London streets, that coronation-day,  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
 That horse that I so carefully have dress'd! 80

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; 85  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping  
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, 90  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. 95

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
say. *Exit.*

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, 100  
who lately came from the King, commands the  
contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*Keep.* Help, help, help !

105

*Enter Exton and Servants [armed].*

*K. Rich.* How now ! what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*[Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[He kills another.] Here Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

110

Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*[Dies.]*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood !

Both have I spill'd ; O would the deed were good !

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

116

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear :

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

*Exeunt.*



## SCENE VI

[Windsor Castle.]

*Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels hath consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

*Enter Northumberland.*

Welcome, my lord, what is the news ? 5

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is, I have to London sent  
— The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here. 10

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter Fitzwater.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors 15  
— That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy 20  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :

Choose out some secret place, some reverend  
room, 25

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.  
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife ;  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter Exton, with [Attendants bearing] a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this coffin I present 30  
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast  
wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand 35  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this  
deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour.  
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe 45  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.  
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent.  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. 50  
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here  
In weeping after this untimely bier. *Exeunt.*



## Notes

The play was first divided into acts and scenes in *F1. Dramatis Personæ* and notes of place have been added by later editors.

*London.* Many editors, following Holinshed, place this scene at Windsor.

I. i. 1. Old John of Gaunt. Born in 1340 at Ghent, hence the surname "Gaunt." He was only fifty-eight at this time (April 29, 1398), although Shakespeare represents him as very old.

I. i. 58. Setting aside Bolingbroke's royal blood.

I. i. 100. Duke of Gloucester's death. Bolingbroke's real motive is to avenge the duke's death. The other charges are merely trumped up, and Mowbray brushes them aside in an instant (ll. 123-132); but Gloucester's murder is an underlying motive in all the earlier part of the play. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, sixth (or seventh) son of Edward III and brother of John of Gaunt, was murdered at Calais in September, 1397.

I. i. 132-134. Mowbray's excuse is at the King's expense; he vaguely hints at the King's connivance. In Holinshed he ignores the charge. See *2 Henry IV*, IV. i. 134 ff.

I. i. 153. *choler.* Anger, attributed to excess of bile. *Letting blood* is used with a quibble on the sense of bloodshed.

I. i. 157. *no month to bleed.* Spring and autumn were regarded as the proper time to bleed patients.

I. i. 174. **leopards.** Malone called attention to the fact, questioned by the Clarendon Press editors, that the Norfolk crest was a golden leopard.

I. ii. 4, 5. **those hands.** Richard's, whom he charges with responsibility for Gloucester's death. He is more explicit in ll. 37-41.

I. ii. 9. The Duchess's argument of kinship develops into that of self-defense in ll. 30 ff.

I. ii. 47. She regards Bolingbroke as the family champion, as he seems to have regarded himself (I. i. 106).

I. ii. 62. **Edmund York.** Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III.

I. ii, 66. **Plashy.** Gloucester's seat in Essex.

I. ii. 73. **will I hence.** Adverb of place used, as frequently in Shakespeare, without the verb of motion.

I. iii. The events of this scene took place historically on September 16, 1398.

I. iii. 7 ff. Observe in the public behavior of Richard what Coleridge calls his "attention to decorum and high feeling of kingly dignity."

I. iii. 49. **pilgrimage.** Bolingbroke's allusion carries a suggestion of future events of which he is unconscious.

I. iii. 118. Richard regarded the victory of either knight as perilous to his own safety. It is characteristic of his love of display that he should have let the ceremonies proceed to the very last possible moment. According to Froissart, several noblemen of the King's party warned him not to let the combat proceed, because the people were aroused on Bolingbroke's behalf and thought that the King was aiming at his destruction. Shakespeare fails to disclose Richard's motives.

I. iii. 125 ff. The King's speech is confused, perhaps intentionally, perhaps because it is insincere.

I. iii. 137. Both metaphor and syntax seem to have gone astray.

I. iii. 139. We banish you our territories. Richard shows what Gardiner calls the "unwise cunning of a madman," and takes the only course which would be sure to work injustice to both men.

I. iii. 140. upon pain of life. So the Qq; the Ff have *pain of death*. The former is an older idiom with the same meaning; see also l. 153.

I. iii. 189. plot, contrive, or complot. Legal tautology.

I. iii. 204, 205. The prophetic irony of this speech exposes Richard's blunder in banishing so faithful and efficient a servant. The historical Richard probably meant to recall Mowbray and make Bolingbroke's exile permanent; but this is not implied in this play.

I. iii. 210. banish'd years. Years of banishment. *Banish'd* is not a past participle, but an adjective. For this use of an adjective, cf. l. 241.

I. iii. 211. pluck'd four away. According to Holinshead the amelioration of Bolingbroke's sentence took place later, at Eltham, when the King was taking leave of Bolingbroke. Dramatically it is a feeble attempt at conciliation, and serves to show how Richard is imposed upon by the stronger personalities of Gaunt and Bolingbroke.

I. iii. 213-215. "Admirable anticipation!"—COLERIDGE.

I. iii. 230. Efface no wrinkle that comes with time.

I. iii. 241. partial slander. Accusation of partiality; cf. l. 210.

I. iii. 244. **too strict to make.** In making: a gerundive use of the infinitive common in Shakespeare; see also ll. 255, 256.

I. iii. 262. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i. 1-4 (E. T. McLaughlin ed.).

I. iii. 289. **the presence strewed.** The royal presence chamber strewed with rushes.

I. iii. 302-303. **Doth never poison more than when it irritates the sore instead of lancing to cure.**

I. iv. 6. **for me.** For my part.

I. iv. 13. The clause *for . . . word* is the antecedent of *that*. Aumerle says that he pretended to be rendered silent by grief so as to avoid saying "Farewell" to Bolingbroke.

I. iv. 24. **his courtship of the common people.** Compare Bolingbroke's own account, *1 Henry IV*, III. ii. 46 ff.; also Daniel, *Civil Wars*, I. 63-70.

I. iv. 37. **go.** Subjunctive, let them go.

I. i. 38. **rebels . . . in Ireland.** Many of the colonies planted by Henry II in the "English pale" had thrown off their allegiance and were in rebellion.

I. iv. 39. **Expedient manage.** Expeditious management.

I. iv. 43. **too great a court.** The extravagance of the King's household and the prodigality with which he showered gifts upon his favorites is common talk in the writers of the time; see, for example, *Political Poems*, i. 363 ff. (Rolls Series).

I. iv. 58. **Ely House.** Palace of the Bishop of Ely in Holborn. See *Richard III*, III. iv. 33 ff.

II. i. There are serious difficulties in the matter of real and dramatic time in this scene and the one which

precedes it. We can suppose the elapse of only an hour or two between the scenes. In the latter Bolingbroke has just departed on his exile. In II. i. 277 ff. he has been to France and is on his way back; besides we are told (II. i. 167-168) that Richard has prevented him about his marriage. Insufficient time is also allowed Gaunt to grow ill (II. i. 73 ff.). One result from this treatment of time is that it would make Bolingbroke begin his enterprise of invading England before his estates were confiscated, a thing which can hardly have been intended. The "short time" is so well managed that the inconsistencies are hardly noticed.

II. i. 9-12. Quatrain measure seems here used to characterize Gaunt's exalted manner of speech.

II. i. 18. found. Collier conjectures *fond*, followed by most editors. F<sub>1</sub> has *sound*; other Qq and Ff vary. A possible explanation of the passage is, "by whose taste the wise are found."

II. i. 21. proud Italy. Ascham, Lyly, and other sixteenth-century writers complain of the growing influence of Italian luxury, but here the reference is anachronistic. See also *Edward II*, I. i. 50 ff.

II. i. 40-55. These lines, except l. 50, were published in *England's Parnassus* (1600) and attributed to M. Dr. (Michael Drayton).

II. i. 84. Can sick men play so nicely with their names? "Yes! on a death bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and, therefore, as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulation, looks, or tones." — COLERIDGE.



II. i. 93 ff. With Gaunt's, York's, and other speeches descriptive of Richard's misrule, compare those of the rebellious noblemen in *Edward II*, II. ii. 118.

II. i. 118. **Make pale our cheek.** Richard's physical sensitiveness, which caused him to turn pale readily (see III. ii. 76; III. iii. 63), is recorded by Froissart and other chroniclers.

II. i. 144. **As Harry, Duke of Hereford.** That is, as he holds Harry, etc. Richard intentionally puts the other construction upon the words.

II. i. 157. **no venom else.** Allusion to the freedom of Ireland from reptiles, traditionally ascribed to St. Patrick.

II. i. 163. **How long shall I be patient?** This one outburst of the submissive York does not anger Richard as Gaunt's reproof does, though the things York says are quite as severe; Richard was not planning to injure York.

II. i. 166. **Gaunt's rebukes.** The rebukes given to Gaunt.

II. i. 173. **Rag'd** may equal *enraged*, as in l. 70, or we may understand a relative omitted after *lion*.

II. i. 202. **Call in the letters patents.** This occurred some six weeks after Gaunt's death.

II. i. 220. **Our uncle York lord governor.** It is the acme of Richard's tragic blindness that he should appoint to the regency a man whose loyalty was already strained to the breaking point.

II. i. 227. **if Justice had her right.** The conversation of the nobles is the beginning of the counterplot which is to cause Richard's inevitable overthrow.

II. i. 247. This line is defective in meter, and is probably corrupt; Pope omitted *quite*.

II. i. 253. **basely yielded.** Allusion to Richard's unpopular foreign policy of peace with France.

II. i. 280. Malone inserted here a line differing slightly from the one in the text: *The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.* Shakespeare gives all of the noblemen in Holinshed's list except Thomas, son of Richard, Earl of Arundel; this Thomas, and not Lord Cobham, escaped from the Duke of Exeter; Lord Cobham was not the brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Richard, Earl of Arundel, was.

II. i. 296. The Earl of Northumberland, head of the powerful family of the Percies, is the leader among the nobles in the rebellion against Richard. See V. i. 55 ff.

II. ii. 9. **My sweet Richard.** "The amiable part of Richard's character is brought full upon us by his queen's few words." — COLERIDGE.

II. ii. 20. **Distinguish form.** Make the form distinct.

II. ii. 28-29. Compare the young Queen's forebodings with those of Juliet (*Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 54 ff.) and of Antonio (*Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 1 ff.).

II. ii. 31. As, though in thinking I fix my thoughts on nothing.

II. ii. 34. **'Tis nothing less.** It is anything but that.

II. ii. 36-38. As in l. 12, the Queen's play on the antithesis between *something* and *nothing* is rather confusing. She says: Either nothing caused her real grief, or else there is something in this unknown subject of her grief. The cause of the grief can only be revealed in the future (*in reversion*).

II. ii. 59. **broken his staff.** In token of the resignation of his office of Lord High Steward. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, provokes the rebellion of the Percies in *Henry IV.*

II. ii. 74. signs of war. York is in armor.

II. ii. 86. your son. The Duke of Aumerle, who had accompanied Richard to Ireland.

II. ii. 97. The death of the Duchess of Gloucester is anticipated by several months (in order to add to York's embarrassment).

II. iii. 42. raw and young. Henry Percy, called "Hotspur," was born in 1364; Prince Hal, in 1388. Shakespeare always speaks of them as if they were of the same age.

II. iii. 47 ff. Compare 1 *Henry IV*, I. iii. 251 ff., where Hotspur bitterly recalls this speech.

II. iii. 70. Lancaster. Bolingbroke will enter into no negotiations unless his proper title is given him.

II. iii. 79. the absent time. The time of absence; cf. notes, I. iii. 211, 241.

II. iii. 86. grace me no grace. York, as he begins, intends to do his duty by the King; later, he is won over by Bolingbroke.

II. iii. 114 ff. I come for Lancaster. In the character of Lancaster. There is no reason to acquit Bolingbroke of duplicity and of seeking the crown from the start. Compare his own words in 2 *Henry IV*, IV. v. 184-186.

II. iii. 129. sue my livery. Make legal claim to my freehold as heir.

II. iii. 159. neuter. Neutrality on York's part is hostility to Richard; but he is practically Bolingbroke's prisoner; see l. 164.

II. iii. 165. Bagot. He had gone to Ireland, not to Bristol; see II. ii. 141.

II. iii. 166. caterpillars. Gaveston is represented as a "canker" in *Edward II*, II. ii. 16-20.

II. iv. 8. bay-trees. "In this yeare . . . old baie trees withered, and, afterwards, . . . grew greene againe; a strange sight, and supposed to import some vnknowne event." — HOLINSHED, second edition (1586) only. Compare Daniel, *Civil Wars*, I. 113–115, for other portents.

II. iv. 15. death or fall of kings. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, II. ii.; *Hamlet*, I. i. 113 ff.

III. i. 12. Made a divorce. There is no basis for this charge; but see V. i. 71 ff. It may have been suggested by the situation in *Edward II*. With the whole scene compare the capture of Gaveston, *Edward II*, II. v.

III. i. 14. Queen Isabella, daughter of Charles VI of France, was only eleven years old at this time.

III. i. 31–34. Compare the plucky deaths of Edward's favorites, *Edward II*, III. i.; IV. v.; vi.

III. i. 43. Glendower. Owen Glendower was not at this time in arms against Bolingbroke; perhaps Bolingbroke thinks he is the Welsh commander (see preceding scene). Holinshed's account of Owen's attack on Lord Grey of Ruthin (1400) may be the source of this line; Owen's associates are there spoken of as "complices."

III. ii. 4. I weep for joy. "Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of the audience." — COLERIDGE.

III. ii. 23. senseless conjuration. Adjuration of senseless things; for the construction, cf. I. iii. 210, 241.

III. ii. 24. See *S. Luke*, xix. 40.

III. ii. 33. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss. The stern, practical bishop brings Richard back to reality; Richard hardly understands; Aumerle interprets.

III. ii. 38. that lights the lower world. This clause modifies *eye of heaven*. For a similar transposition, cf. I. i. 168.

III. ii. 61. See *S. Matt.* xxvi. 53.

III. ii. 76. twenty thousand men. Holinshed puts Salisbury's force at forty thousand.

III. ii. 76-81. Richard's highly emotional speech is in the form of a *sestet*.

III. ii. 122. Bagot's name seems inadvertently mentioned here. The King speaks, l. 132, of "three Judases," and Aumerle does not ask about Bagot in l. 141.

III. ii. 153-154. Model may refer to Richard's own mortal body, or to the grave mound.

III. ii. 162. Death. Douce called attention to a print in the *Imagines Mortis* of a king, sitting on a throne, sword in hand, surrounded by courtiers, with a grinning skeleton arising from his crown.

III. ii. 163 ff. Cf. *Henry VIII*, III. ii. 352 ff.; *Macbeth*, V. v. 24 ff.

III. ii. 183-185. To die fighting is to triumph over death; to fear death is to become its slave; compare *Sonnet* cxlvi, 11-14; *Julius Cæsar*, II. ii. 32-33.

III. ii. 211. That power I have, discharge. When Richard finds that he must fight for his kingship, he prefers to relinquish it and assume the rôle of the dethroned monarch; but see III. iii. 129-130.

III. iii. 6. Richard not far hence hath hid his head. The plot here diverges from Holinshed. Richard had remained in camp for some days and then fled to Conway Castle. Salisbury was there. Bolingbroke despatched

Northumberland to Conway, and he induced Richard to confer with Bolingbroke by assuring him that Bolingbroke came merely to demand his rights and that a parliament should be called to restore order to the kingdom. When they had ridden forth, Northumberland seized Richard and carried him to Flint, where he was as much a prisoner as later at Chester and London.

III. iii. 62-67. Assigned by Dyce to *Percy*; but Bolingbroke is everywhere sensitive to Richard's personal charm; see IV. i. 304; V. vi. 40.

III. iii. 97. *flower of England's face*. The blooming face of England; cf. Daniel, *Civil Wars*, I. 118: "Th' vngodly bloodshed that . . . did marre the flowre of thy chiefe pride. . . ." The abundance of Richard's metaphors is startling. Blood, which disfigures war and also the heads of ten thousand Englishmen, stains purple the will or testament, makes the face of England scarlet with indignation, and bedews the grass of the pastures.

III. iii. 127-130. Cf. *Edward II*, IV. v. 4-7.

III. iii. 143 ff. The King characteristically throws away his advantage; Bolingbroke would have had to put his forces at the King's command or incur the responsibility of seizing him.

III. iii. 147 ff. Cf. *Edward II*, IV. vi. 20-21.

III. iii. 192. *Me rather had*. A construction resulting from a combination of *me were liefer* and *I had rather*.

III. iii. 203. Tears show love, but offer no remedies.

III. iii. 204. *too young to be your father*. Bolingbroke was born in 1367, and Richard a few months later in 1368.

III. iv. 73. *to dress this garden*. See *Genesis* ii. 15.

III. iv. 105. *rue*. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 181 ff.

IV. i. Westminster Hall had just been rebuilt by the King's orders.

IV. i. 1. Call forth Bagot. Bolingbroke lends dignity to his usurpation by thus bringing forward at once the issue which drove him to revolt.

IV. i. 14. that very time. This is a mistake; Gloucester's death occurred before Bolingbroke left England.

IV. i. 52. task the earth. Charge the earth with the task of bearing my gage. So Q<sub>1</sub>; other Q<sub>q</sub> have *take*; Ff omit ll. 52-59.

IV. i. 60. Surrey was Richard's nephew; he and Aumerle thus represent the Yorkist faction.

IV. i. 80 ff. John Hall, a groom of Mowbray's at Calais, confessed on October 18, 1399, that he and two servants, sent, Mowbray told him, by Aumerle, murdered Gloucester.

IV. i. 92-100. "This yeare (1399) Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norffolke, died in exile at Venice." — HOLINSHED. "Norffolke . . . died at Venice, in his return from Jerusalem." — Stow, *Annals*.

IV. i. 104. good old Abraham. See *S. Luke*, xvi. 22. Note Bolingbroke's exultation. He is dismissing the subject of the murder of Gloucester; it has served his purpose. Aumerle is left with the suspicion of guilt upon him, but he is not brought to trial.

IV. i. 113. In God's name, I'll ascend the throne. Shakespeare gives no ground for Henry's claim; in Holinshead, he claims it as descended from Henry III according to a false tradition that his ancestor, Edward Crouchback, was older than his brother, Edward I, but was set aside on account of physical deformity,

IV. i. 114 ff. Carlisle's speech, according to Holinshed, from whom it is largely taken, was made on October 22, three weeks after the deposition.

IV. i. 144. Golgotha. See *S. Matt.*, xxvii. 33.

IV. i. 152. Carlisle was committed to the Abbot of St. Alban's, and some months later transferred to the Abbot of Westminster.

IV. i. 154. commons' suit. Probable reference to a demand that Bolingbroke would ascend the throne; no such suit is known, though Holinshed says that the commons favored him.

IV. i. 154-318. These lines do not occur in the first and second quarto editions of the play. That they belonged to the play originally is clear from line 318. See *Introduction*.

IV. i. 156-157. we shall proceed without suspicion. The deposition scene is without historical basis. Richard signed, perhaps under compulsion, an act of abdication; but before witnesses in the Tower. Daniel gives an elaborate description of such a scene. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i.

IV. i. 160-161. These lines seem to be an aside.

IV. i. 170. So Judas. See *S. Matt.*, xxvi. 49.

IV. i. 176. Observe the two levels of Richard's speech; when he is not under emotion, has no part to play, he speaks with unusual flatness; see 181, 203, 222; V. v. 5.

IV. i. 195. cares. Three meanings of *care* are involved in the word play which follows: *care* in the sense of responsibility; *care* in the sense of duty or task; *care* in the sense of grief.

IV. i. 200. Similar questions are addressed to Edward in the deposition scene in *Edward II*, V. i.



IV. i. 201, 202. *Ay = I*, but *I = nothing*, therefore *Ay = I = no*. Compare Edward's hesitation, *Edward II*, V. i.

IV. i. 204-221. The speech follows with some faithfulness the formula of abdication, as recorded in the Rolls of Parliament.

IV. i. 219. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i. 110-111.

IV. i. 221. sunshine. See a similar use of this word in *Edward II*, V. i. 26-27.

IV. i. 232-233. wouldst . . . shouldst. In modern usage these words would be reversed.

IV. i. 239. wash your hands. See *S. Matt.* xxvii. 24. Richard persistently compares himself with Christ.

IV. i. 248. I find myself a traitor. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i. 98-99.

IV. i. 254. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i. 112.

IV. i. 255. I have no name. Allusion to a story, circulated by the Lancastrian party, that Richard was not the son of the Black Prince, but of a canon of Bordeaux (W. A. Harrison, *Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1883).

IV. i. 262. water-drops. Cf. *Dr. Faustus*, xvi: "O soul, be changed into little water-drops."

IV. i. 271. Urge it no more. "Another touch which brings out Bolingbroke's absence of personal rancor towards Richard. He aims at power, and is stern or clement as policy, not passion, determines." — C. H. HERFORD.

IV. i. 281. Was this the face. Cf. *Dr. Faustus*, xiv: "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships," etc.

IV. i. 292-293. The shadow . . . face. Your sentimental show of sorrow has destroyed your image in the glass. Note, first, Richard's generous appreciation of a

fine phrase; and, secondly, the readiness with which he turns aside its practical application to himself.

IV. i. 313. Then give me leave to go. Richard throws away his last small chance to make terms for himself.

IV. i. 316. convey. For a possibly similar word play, see *Edward II*, I. ii. 200-201.

V. i. 1. This way the king will come. There is no historical authority for this interview between Richard and the Queen; they did not meet again after Richard left for Ireland. In Daniel, *Civil Wars*, II. 89-94, the Queen seeks him out in prison, and there is a striking parallel in the passage (II. 66 ff.) where she watches the king ride into the city.

V. i. 2. Julius Cæsar's. The Tower, ascribed by tradition to Julius Cæsar, was built by the Conqueror to hold the city in subordination. See *Richard III*, III. i. 68 ff.

V. i. 8. My fair rose. Hotspur calls Richard "that sweet lovely rose"; *1 Henry IV*, I. iii. 175.

V. i. 11. "Thou ruined majesty that resembllest the desolate waste where Troy once stood." — MALONE.

V. i. 12. map of honour. The mere outline.

V. i. 26-28. What . . . heart. Compare Daniel, *Civil Wars*, II. 78 ff.; especially: "Let me not see him, but himselfe; a King, etc."

V. i. 29. Cf. *Edward II*, V. i. 11-14.

V. i. 55 ff. Northumberland, thou ladder, etc. Henry IV recalls this speech, quoting ll. 55 and 56 in altered form, in *2 Henry IV*, III. i. 65 ff.

V. i. 88. Better be far off than near and yet be unable to meet. The second *near* is the old short comparative form for "nearer"; cf. III. ii. 64.

V. ii. 8. **steed.** Compare the conversation about "roan Barbary," v. 78 ff.

V. ii. 16. **painted imagery.** Daniel, *Civil Wars*, II. 63: "Houses impov'risht were t'inrich the streetes."

V. ii. 17-36. There is no historical authority for such an event; see parallel in Daniel, *Civil Wars*, II. 64, 65.

V. ii. 41. **Aumerle that was.** Aumerle, with others of Richard's party, lost all titles and honors conferred upon him by King Richard.

V. ii. 46. **Who are the violets now?** Who are the favorites of the new King?

V. ii. 85. **Strike him.** Strike the servant.

V. ii. 90. **Have we more sons?** Historically, the Duchess of York who was living at the time of the play was not Aumerle's mother, but the Duke's second wife; but dramatically we must think of the Duchess of the play as his mother. York had another son, the Earl of Cambridge who figures in *Henry V*.

V. ii. 97-99. "Hervpon was an indenture sextipartite made, sealed with their seales, and signed with their hands, in the which each stood bound to other, to do their whole indeuor for the accomplishing of their purposed exploit." — HOLINSHED.

V. ii. 111. **his horse.** In Holinshed York is under way before Aumerle starts upon his own horse.

V. iii. 1. **my unthrifty son.** Prince Henry was twelve years old at this time. Shakespeare has in mind the traditions of Prince Hal's wayward youth followed in the later plays of the series.

V. iii. 10-12. **Which . . . So dissolute a crew.** This

passage will not construe in strict syntax; *Which* and *crew* both standing as objects of *support*.

V. iii. 13. I saw the Prince. This is the first bringing together of Hotspur and Prince Hal. Bolingbroke's feelings may be further understood from *1 Henry IV*, I. i. 78-90; the tavern view of the matter, from the same play, II. iv. 114-121.

V. iii. 44. speak treason to your face. By calling him foolhardy.

V. iii. 58. serpent. Allusion to the fable of the Countryman and the Viper; see also III. ii. 131.

V. iii. 61-66. Chambers quotes a parallel passage from Lyly's *Euphues* (Arber ed., p. 191): "As the water that springeth from the fountain's head, etc."

V. iii. 80. "The Beggar and the King." One of the many allusions in Shakespeare to the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"; see *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 115 ff.; *Romeo and Juliet*, II. i. 14; *2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 106.

V. iii. 81. My dangerous cousin. An example of Bolingbroke's sarcastic humor used so freely above in his interviews with Richard.

V. iii. 88. He who does not love his own kin can love no one else, not even the King.

V. iii. 137. our trusty brother-in-law. John, Earl of Huntingdon, who had married Bolingbroke's sister Elizabeth.

V. iii. 145. prove you true. Aumerle, as Duke of York, died leading the van at Agincourt.

V. iv. 7. Cf. Daniel's *Civil Wars*, III. 57: "And wisht that some would so his life esteeme, As ridde him

of these *feares* wherein he stood: And there-with *eyes* a Knight, that then was by; Who soone could learne his lesson by his eye."

V. v. 1 ff. Daniel (III. 64-69) presents Richard soliloquizing, "Conferring captiue-Crownes with freedome poore," somewhat in the spirit of this passage.

V. v. 5. I'll hammer it out. Richard has an artist's determination to express his idea.

V. v. 15, 16. See *S. Matt.*, xi. 28; xix. 14.

V. v. 32. sometimes I am a king. Compare Edward's speech to Leicester, *Edward II*, V. i. 5-37.

V. v. 49. I wasted time. Compare Edward's "bid him rule better than I," *Edward II*, V. i. 121-122.

V. v. 50 ff. numbering clock. Henley explains thus: ". . . his sighs correspond to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, to use the expression of Milton, *minute-drops*; his finger, by as regularly wiping these tears away, performs the office of the dial point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour."

V. v. 62. help madmen to their wits. Probable allusion to the story of the cure of Saul by David.

V. v. 67. The editor of the *First Folio Shakespeare* suggests that Jenico, the Gascon, in Daniel, *Civil Wars*, II. 27, may be the original of the Groom.

V. v. 68. ten groats too dear. There is a pun on "royal" and "noble" in the preceding lines. Though a royal (10s.) is worth 10 groats (10 times 4d.) more than a

noble (6s. 8d.) is, a noble itself is 10 groats too high a price for either of them.

V. v. 78. roan Barbary. Boswell Stone suggests that the story of "roan Barbary" may come from an account, repeated in Froissart, of a greyhound, Mathe, which forsook his old master, Richard, and followed Bolingbroke.

V. v. 115. O would the deed were good! "It is said, that sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterlie, as one stricken with the pricke of a giltie conscience, for murthering him, whome he had so long time obeyed as king." — HOLINSHED.

V. vi. 8. Oxford. No such name occurs in Holinshed; the Pf read *Spencer*. Shakespeare antedates the death of Richard, since the conspiracy was put down before his death.

V. vi. 34. Exton, I thank thee not. There is no mention of Henry's repudiation of Exton in any of the chronicles. Daniel, *Civil Wars*, III. No. 79, has a sort of parallel, but it does not appear in the first edition.

49-50 V. vi. 48. Henry never fulfilled his vow, though he had it always in mind; see *1 Henry IV*, I. i. 19 ff.; *2 Henry IV*, III. i. 108; IV. iv. 3; v. 210 ff., 233 ff.

V. vi. 40-50. Cain. See *Genesis*, iv. 12, 14.

V. vi. 52. Richard died, probably, in January, 1400; he was buried at Pomfret; his body was then carried to London, displayed in Cheapside and St. Paul's, on March 12, 1400, and buried in an obscure grave at Langley. Through the piety of Henry V, his body was placed in the tomb in Westminster Abbey which Richard himself had built for his first queen, Anne of Bohemia.

## Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Quarto, except for IV. i. 154-318, which is based on the first Folio; and the following list records the more important variations from those versions.

- I. i. 70. the King]  $Q_1$ ; a King  $Q_2$  Ff.  
77. spoke, or thou canst worse devise]  $Q_1$ ; spoken,  
or thou canst devise Ff.  
118. by my] Ff; by  $Q_1$ .  
157. month]  $Q_1$ ; time Ff.  
162-168. When, Harry, when! Obedience bids] Pope;  
When, Harry? when obedience bids,  
Obedience bids  $Q_1$ .  
187. God . . . deep]  $Q_1$ ; Heaven . . . foule Ff.  
(*Throughout Ff read Heaven for God in  $Q_1$ .*)  
ii. 47. sit] Ff; set  $Q_1$ .  
iii. 20. and my]  $Q_1$ ; and his Ff.  
76. furbish]  $Q_1$ ; furnish Ff.  
128. civil] *Some copies of  $Q_1$  read cruell.*  
129-133. Ff *omit.*  
140. life]  $Q_1$ ; death Ff.  
172. then] Ff;  $Q_1$  *omits.*  
185, 186, 188. never]  $Q_1$ ; ever Ff.  
193. far]  $F_4$ ; fare  $Qq$   $F_1$ .  
227. sullen]  $Q_1$ ; sudden Ff.  
230-242, 268-293. Ff *omit.*

- iv. 20. cousin, cousin] Ff; coosens coosin Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 23. [Bagot . . . Greene] Q<sub>5</sub>; Q<sub>1</sub> omits.  
 53. [Bushy, what news?] Ff; *with news (as part of s. d.)* Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 54. grievous] Q<sub>1</sub>; very Ff.
- II. i. 18. of whose . . . found] Q<sub>1</sub>; of his state: then there are found Ff; of whose . . . fond Collier *conj.*  
 102. incaged] Ff; intraged Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 113. thou now, not] Theobald; thou now not, not Q<sub>1</sub>; thou and not Ff.  
 254. noble] Q<sub>1</sub>; Ff. *omit.*  
 280. *Substantially from Holinshed*; Qq Ff *omit.*
- ii. 77. Ff *omit.*  
 138. The . . . will] Pope; Will the hateful commons Qq Ff.
- iii. 80. self-borne] Qq F<sub>1-3</sub>; self-born F<sub>1</sub>.
- III. ii. 29-32. Ff *omit.*  
 30. if] Pope; Qq *omit.*  
 35. power] Q<sub>1</sub>; friends Ff.  
 49. Ff *omit.*  
 84. coward] Q<sub>1</sub>; sluggard Ff.  
 102. and] Q<sub>1</sub>; Losse, Ff.  
 134. offence] Ff; Q *omits, ending 133 with hell.*  
 178. sit . . . woes] Q<sub>1</sub>; wail their present woes Ff.  
 182. Ff *omit.*  
 203. party] Q<sub>1</sub>; faction Ff.
- iii. 13. with you] Ff; Q<sub>1</sub> *omits.*  
 119. a prince, is just] Ff; princess just Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 171. laugh] Q<sub>1</sub>; mock Ff.
- iv. 11. joy] Rowe; grief Qq Ff.



22. sing] Qq Ff; weep Pope.  
 57. We] Capell; Qq Ff *omit.*
- IV. i. 52-59. Ff *omit.*  
 154-318. Q<sub>1-7</sub> *omit.*  
 210. duteous oaths] Ff; duties rites Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 215. are made] Ff; that swear Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 220. Henry] Ff; Harry Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 251. a sovereignty] F<sub>1</sub>; and sovereignty Q<sub>2</sub>.
- V. i. 25. thrown] Q<sub>1</sub>; stricken Ff.  
 62. And] Rowe; Qq Ff *omit.*  
 84. *North.*] Ff; *King* Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 ii. 52. Do these . . . hold] Q<sub>1</sub>; Hold those . . . Ff.  
 iii. 99. Ff *omit.*  
 106. shall] Ff; still Q<sub>1</sub>.  
 135. *Boling* . . . . heart] Qq Ff; *Boling*. With all  
     my heart I pardon him, *making lines run,*  
     But . . . heart, I . . . art Pope.
- v. 31. person] Q<sub>1</sub>; prison Q<sub>2</sub> Ff.  
 46. check] Q<sub>1</sub>; hear Ff.  
 vi. 43. the] Q<sub>2</sub> Ff; Q<sub>1</sub> *omits.*



## Glossary

- accomplish'd, equipped; II. i. 177.  
accuse, "a. my zeal," accuse me of wanting zeal; I. i. 47.  
affects, affections; I. iv. 30.  
against, just before; III. iv. 28.  
allow, acknowledge; V. ii. 40.  
amaze, confuse, bewilder; I. iii. 81; V. ii. 85.  
an if, if; IV. i. 49, 264.  
antic, grotesque figure; III. ii. 162.  
apparent, evident; I. i. 13; IV. i. 124.  
appeach, impeach; V. ii. 79.  
appeal, *sb.*, formal challenge or impeachment which the  
accuser was obliged to maintain in combat; I. i. 4;  
IV. i. 79: *vb.*, impeach, challenge; I. i. 9; I. iii. 21.  
appellant, accuser, impeacher; I. i. 34; I. iii. 4.  
appellants, "lords a.," lords who appear as formal accusers;  
IV. i. 104.  
apprehension, idea, product of mere imagination; I. iii.  
300.  
apricocks, apricots; III. iv. 29.  
argument, theme, subject; I. i. 12.  
as, as far as; I. iii. 55.  
ask, require; II. i. 159.  
atone, bring together, reconcile; I. i. 202.  
attach, arrest; II. iii. 156.  
attainder, dishonoring accusation; IV. i. 24.  
attorneys general, deputies, legal substitutes; II. i. 203.  
awful, full of awe or reverence; III. iii. 76.  
ay, yes; written "I" and used with a play on that word;  
IV. i. 201.

- baff'd**, disgraced as if a recreant knight; a part of the punishment of coward knights was hanging by the heels, which is the original meaning of the word; I. i. 170.
- balm**, consecrated oil used in anointing a king; III. ii. 55.
- band**, bond; the same word as *bond*, and formerly used in both senses; I. i. 2; V. ii. 65.
- barbed**, armed; III. iii. 117.
- Barkloughly**, probably Harlech, a castle in Wales between Caernarvon and Aberystwyth; III. ii. 1.
- base court**, outer or lower court of a castle; III. iii. 176, 180.
- bay**, "to the b.," to the extremity when the hunted creature turns on its pursuers; II. iii. 128.
- beadsmen**, almsmen whose duty it was to pray for the king; III. ii. 116.
- beggar-fear**, a beggar's fear; I. i. 189.
- beholding**, obliged, indebted; IV. i. 160.
- benevolences**, ironically, for special taxes and forced loans; II. i. 250.
- beshrew thee**, a mild curse; III. ii. 204.
- bespake**, spoke to; V. ii. 20.
- betid**, past; V. i. 42.
- bias**, term in bowling, "applied alike to the construction or form of the bowl imparting an oblique motion, the oblique line in which it runs, and the kind of impetus given to cause it to run obliquely" (*N. E. D.*); III. iv. 5.
- bills**, weapons used by infantry, a long-handled ax with hook-shaped blade and spearhead; III. ii. 118.
- blank charters**, *carte blanche* forms for forced loans which were sealed with the royal seal but not filled in; I. iv. 48; II. i. 250.
- bold**, boldly; I. iii. 3.
- boot**, help, avail; I. i. 164; I. iii. 174; III. iv. 18.
- breath**, breathing space, moment; III. ii. 164.

- broking pawn**, the security held by a broker, used scornfully; II. i. 293.  
**brooch**, ornament (worn in a man's hat); V. v. 66.  
**brooks**, likes, enjoys; III. ii. 2.  
**buzz'd**, whispered, used contemptuously; II. i. 26.
- caitiff**, wretched, cowardly; I. ii. 53.  
**career**, the charge of the horse in the tourney or combat; I. ii. 49.  
**careful**, anxious; II. ii. 75.  
**casque**, helmet; I. iii. 81.  
**challenge**, claim; II. iii. 134.  
**check**, reprove; V. v. 46.  
**cheerly**, cheerily; I. iii. 66.  
**chopping**, jerky, shifting suddenly; possibly, changing (the sense of words); V. iii. 124.  
**civil**, used in civil strife; III. iii. 102.  
**clap**, hastily thrust; III. ii. 114.  
**clean**, completely; III. i. 10.  
**cloister**, shut up in a cloister; V. i. 23.  
**close**, harmonious chords at the end of a piece of music; II. i. 12.  
**coat**, "my household c.," coat of arms, frequently emblazoned on stained or painted windows; III. i. 24.  
**comfortable**, affording comfort; II. ii. 76.  
**commend**, give over; III. iii. 116.  
**commends**, greetings; III. i. 38.  
**compare between**, draw comparisons; II. i. 185.  
**compassionate**, pathetic, full of self-pity; I. iii. 174.  
**complices**, accomplices; II. iii. 165; III. i. 43.  
**complot**, plot; see note, I. iii. 189.  
**composition**, constitution; II. i. 73.  
**conceit**, conception, fancy; II. ii. 34.  
**conclude**, agree; I. i. 156.

- condition, character, quality; II. iii. 107.  
 confound, destroy, undo; III. iv. 60.  
 conjuration, adjuration, solemn appeal; III. ii. 23.  
 consequently, successive in time (not inferential); I. i. 102.  
 consorted, confederate; V. iii. 138; V. vi. 15.  
 converts, changes to, turns to; V. i. 66; V. iii. 64.  
 convey, escort; IV. i. 316: steal (employed euphemistically with a play upon the normal sense of the word); IV. i. 317.  
 conveyers, thieves; IV. i. 317.  
 cormorant, glutton; II. i. 38.  
 corruption, putrid matter, pus (fig.); V. i. 59.  
 Cotswold, hilly district in Gloucestershire; II. iii. 9.  
 cousin, any relative not belonging to one's immediate family; I. ii. 46; II. iii. 141.  
 cozening, cheating; II. ii. 69.  
 crossly, adversely; II. iv. 24.  
 current, as good as current coin; I. iii. 231.  
  
 daring-hardy, daringly bold; I. iii. 43.  
 dead, deathlike; IV. i. 10.  
 dear, coming home to one intimately, for good or ill; I. i. 130, *et passim*.  
 deceivable, deceptive; II. iii. 84.  
 defend, forbid; I. iii. 18.  
 deni'd, refused; V. iii. 103.  
 depose, put under oath; I. iii. 30.  
 design, point out; I. i. 203.  
 despised, despicable; II. iii. 95.  
 determinate, set an end to; I. iii. 150.  
 digressing, transgressing; V. iii. 66.  
 discomf'ort, discouragement; III. ii. 65.  
 dispark'd, destroyed the enclosures and thrown the park open; III. i. 23.

- dissolve, loose, break; II. ii. 71.  
distinguish form, see note, II. ii. 20.  
distrain'd, seized by legal process; II. iii. 131.  
divine, foretell prophetically; III. iv. 79.  
double, forked; III. ii. 21.  
double-fatal, doubly fatal (since the wood of the yew was used for bows and the berry as poison); III. ii. 117.  
doubt, apprehension, fear; II. i. 299; III. iv. 69.  
dust, a particle of dust; II. iii. 91.
- eager, sharp, biting; I. i. 49.  
ear, plow; III. ii. 212.  
effeminate, licentious (?); V. iii. 10.  
embassage, message; III. iv. 93.  
enfranchisement, restoration to the rights of a freeman; III. iii. 114.  
engage, take up (a pledge); IV. i. 56, 71.  
ensue, follow upon; II. i. 197.  
entreated, treated; III. i. 37.  
envy, malice, spite; II. i. 49.  
exactly, explicitly, formally; I. i. 140.  
exclaims, exclamations; I. ii. 2.  
expedience, expedition, swiftness; II. i. 287.  
expedient, expeditious, swift; I. iv. 39.
- fall, let fall; III. iv. 104.  
fantastic, imaginary; I. iii. 299.  
farm, exchange the national revenues for a present cash payment; I. iv. 45.  
favour, countenance; IV. i. 168.  
fearful, full of fear; III. ii. 110; III. iii. 73.  
fell, fierce, cruel; I. ii. 46; I. iii. 302.  
female, weak and delicate like a woman; III. ii. 114.

- foil, metal surface used in setting gems to show off their luster; I. iii. 266.
- fond, foolish; V. ii. 95.
- for, as; II. iii. 114.
- for that, because; II. i. 125.
- forfend, forbid; IV. i. 129.
- found, see note, II. i. 18.
- free, noble, honorable; II. iii. 136.
- frequent, be there as a matter of habit; V. iii. 6.
- fretted, eaten away, worn; III. iii. 167.
- friends, relatives; I. iv. 22.
- furbish, rub to brightness; I. iii. 76.
- gage, pledge, a glove or gauntlet as a sign of the pledge; I. i. 69; IV. i. 25; IV. i. 34: "under g.," under pledge; IV. i. 86.
- gall'd, annoyed; lit., made sore by rubbing; V. v. 94.
- gilt, gold; II. i. 294.
- glasses, mirrors; I. iii. 208.
- glist'ring, glittering, glistening; III. iii. 178.
- glose, flatter, deceive in speech; II. i. 10.
- gnarling, snarling, growling; I. iii. 292.
- greeting, hostile greeting; I. i. 36.
- griefs, tales of sorrow; V. i. 43.
- groat, see note, V. v. 68.
- grow, produce fruit; III. ii. 212.
- Hallowmas, All Saints' Day (Nov. 1); regarded as the beginning of winter, ten days later in the old calendar than it is now; V. i. 80.
- hap, fortune; I. i. 23.
- happily, haply; possibly, combining also the modern sense of the word; V. iii. 22.
- happy, fortunate, well endowed; III. i. 9.

- hard-favour'd**, ugly; V. i. 14.  
**hardly**, with difficulty; II. iv. 2.  
**hateful**, full of hate; II. ii. 138.  
**haught**, haughty, proud; IV. i. 254.  
**haviour**, behavior, deportment; I. iii. 77.  
**head**, "taking so the h.," omitting the title, or taking such liberties; III. iii. 14.  
**head and spring**, synonymous words meaning origin; I. i. 97.  
**height**, high position; I. i. 189.  
**held**, to be held; V. iii. 14.  
**high-stomach'd**, haughty, having an appetite for combat; I. i. 18.  
**his**, its; II. i. 119; IV. i. 267, etc.  
**hold**, *sb.*, custody; III. iv. 83: *sb.*, are to be held, are really meant; V. ii. 52.  
**holp**, helped; V. v. 62.  
**humour'd**, having satisfied his humor or whim (referring to death); sometimes defined as "humored" or "indulged" (referring to the king); III. ii. 168.  
**humours**, moods or eccentricities natural to people's temperaments; V. v. 10.  
  
**idly**, indifferently; V. ii. 25.  
**ill-erected**, erected for evil ends, or with evil auspices; V. i. 2.  
**ill left**, left with inadequate means; II. iii. 154.  
**imp**, piece out; *lit.*, to attach new feathers to a disabled wing in hawking; II. i. 292.  
**impeach'd**, disgraced with a deserved reproach; I. i. 170.  
**impress**, device, emblematic design; III. i. 25.  
**incontinent**, immediately; V. vi. 48.  
**indifferent**, impartial; II. iii. 116.  
**infection**, pollution; possibly, plague; II. i. 44.



- inform**, charge against technically; II. i. 242.  
**inhabitable**, uninhabitable; I. i. 65.  
**inherit**, put in possession of; I. i. 85; possess; II. i. 83.  
**inn**, mansion, abode (with some sense, however, of its commoner meaning); V. i. 13.  
**insinuate**, wheedle, ingratiate one's self; IV. i. 165.  
**interchangeably**, in return, mutually; I. i. 146; V. ii. 98.
- Jack o' the clock**, a figure which struck the bell on a clock; V. v. 60.  
**jade**, worthless horse; III. iii. 179; V. v. 85.  
**jar**, tick; V. v. 51.  
**jest**, take part in a play or pastime; I. iii. 95.  
**jauncing**, making prance up and down (of a horse); V. v. 94.  
**Jewry**, Judea; II. i. 55.  
**journeyman**, laborer hired by the day; at the end of such service would come the liberty to work for himself; I. iii. 274.  
**jousts**, tilts; V. ii. 52.  
**joy**, enjoy; II. iii. 15; V. vi. 26.
- kerns**, Irish foot soldiers, more lightly armed than the gallowlasses; II. i. 156.  
**kin**, relationship (of family); IV. i. 141.  
**kind**, manner; II. iii. 143, 146; relationship (of race and nation); IV. i. 141.  
**knave**, familiar term in addressing servants (without evil meaning); II. ii. 96.  
**knots**, laid-out garden plots; III. iv. 46.
- large**, "at l.," in detail, in full; III. i. 41; V. vi. 10.  
**lean look'd**, lean looking; II. iv. 11.  
**leave**, leave off; V. ii. 4.

- lecture, reading out; IV. i. 232.
- leg, "make a l.," assent by making an obeisance or courtesy; III. iii. 175.
- lendings, money held in trust to be disbursed; I. i. 89.
- letters patents, letters patent, official permission; II. i. 202.
- lewd, vile, base; I. i. 90.
- liberal, free, unrestrained; II. i. 229.
- lies, "full as many l.," giving the lie as many times; IV. i. 53.
- lingers, causes to linger; II. ii. 72.
- listen'd, listened to; II. i. 9.
- livery, see note, II. iii. 129.
- lodge, beat down; III. iii. 162.
- long-parted, "l.-p. mother with," mother long parted from; III. ii. 8.
- look, look for, search out; I. iii. 286.
- look'd, looked for, expected; I. iii. 243.
- mads, maddens; V. v. 61.
- make-peace, peacemaker; I. i. 160.
- manage, *sb.*, measures of control; I. iv. 39; III. iii. 179  
(of horses): *vb.*, wield, handle (a weapon); III. ii. 118.
- manner, "in m.," in a manner; III. i. 11.
- manors, estates; IV. i. 212.
- manual, "m. seal of death," death warrant; IV. i. 25.
- map, mere outline or skeleton; V. i. 12.
- Marry, an oath, originally "by Mary"; I. iv. 16.
- measure, stately dance; I. iii. 291.
- mockery, counterfeit; IV. i. 260.
- model, image, likeness, representation; I. ii. 28; III. iv. 42; V. i. 11; III. ii. 153; see notes.
- moe, more; II. i. 239.
- motive, instrument; I. i. 193.

- native, entitled by birth, rightful; II. iii. 80; III. ii. 25.  
 near, nearer; III. ii. 64; V. i. 88.  
 neuter, neutral; II. iii. 159.  
 new world's, heaven's; V. i. 24.  
 nicely, delicately, fantastically; II. i. 84.  
 noble, gold coin worth 20 groats or 6s. 8d.; I. i. 88.  
 noblesse, noble birth, nobleness; IV. i. 119.  
 noisome, noxious, injurious; III. iv. 38.  
 none, not one of them; V. ii. 99.  
 note, stigma; I. i. 43.
- object against, charge criminally against; I. i. 28-29.  
 obscene, odious, repulsive; IV. i. 131.  
 on, on the ground of; I. i. 9.  
 order, marshal, convey troops; V. iii. 140.  
 order ta'en, arrangements made; V. i. 53.  
 orderly, in due order; I. iii. 9.  
 other's, the other's, of the next; I. i. 22.  
 out-dared, dared down, cowed; I. i. 190.  
 overweening, overbearing, presumptuous; I. i. 147.  
 owes, owns; IV. i. 185.  
 oyster-wench, woman who sells oysters; I. iv. 31.
- pale, enclosure; III. iv. 40.  
*pardonne moi*, excuse me (affectedly polite refusal); V.  
 iii. 119.  
 parle, overtures of peace, parley; I. i. 192; III. iii. s. d.  
 after l. 61.  
 part, part from; III. i. 3.  
 party, part, side; III. iii. 115.  
 party-verdict, assent as participating in verdict; I. iii. 234.  
 passages, wanderings; I. iii. 272.  
 passengers, passers-by, wayfarers; V. iii. 9.  
 pawn, pledge; I. i. 74; see *gage*, I. i. 69.

- peace, keep silent; V. ii. 80, 81.
- pelican, alluding to the belief in medieval animal mythology that the pelican fed its young on its own blood; II. i. 126.
- pelting, paltry; II. i. 60.
- perspectives, pictures or figures made to appear distorted or confused except when seen from a special point of view; II. ii. 18.
- Phaethon, son of Apollo, who, unable to control the horses of the sun, was hurled from the chariot; III. iii. 178.
- pill'd, plundered, despoiled; II. i. 246.
- pinés, afflicts, distresses; V. i. 77.
- pitch, height, a term in falconry denoting the summit from which the falcon stoops upon its prey; I. i. 109.
- pitiful, compassionate; V. ii. 103.
- plaining, complaining; I. iii. 175.
- plated, clothed in armor; I. iii. 28.
- plume-pluck'd, humbled; IV. i. 108.
- Pomfret, Pontefract in Yorkshire, twenty-two miles from York; the castle is in ruins; V. i. 52.
- pompous, to be treated with ceremony; IV. i. 250.
- possess'd, seized with madness; II. i. 108.
- presence, presence chamber; I. iii. 249, 289.
- presently, at once, immediately; I. iv. 52; II. ii. 92; III. ii. 179.
- press'd, impressed, forced into the ranks; III. ii. 58: "p. to death," allusion to the *peine forte et dure*, inflicted by pressure of heavy weights upon the chests of indicted persons who refused to plead; III. iv. 72.
- process, "tediousness and p.," tedious process; II. iii. 12.
- prodigy, monstrous birth; II. ii. 64.
- profane, be profaned by; I. iii. 59: commit sacrilege; III. iii. 81.
- profit, prosperity; IV. i. 225.

- proof**, the resisting power of armor; I. iii. 73.  
**property**, specific or proper quality; III. ii. 135.  
**proportionable**, proportionate; II. ii. 125.  
**purchase**, acquire; I. iii. 282.
- quit**, requite, make return for (their tragic stories); V. i. 43.
- rag'd**, enraged; II. i. 70, 173.  
**ragged**, rugged; V. v. 21.  
**rankle**, especially, the irritation caused by poison; I. iii. 302.
- rapier**, a small sword used in thrusting (not in use until sixteenth century); IV. i. 40.
- Ravenspurgh**, a busy seaport in Yorkshire on the Humber, since destroyed by the sea; II. i. 296.
- receipt**, the thing received; I. i. 126.
- recreant**, one untrue to his knightly honor; I. i. 144; I. iii. 106.
- refuge**, comfort; V. v. 26.
- regard**, estimation, approval; II. i. 28.
- regenerate**, born anew; I. iii. 70.
- regreet**, greet, salute; I. iii. 67; greet again; I. iii. 142, 186.
- remember**, remind; I. iii. 269; III. iv. 14.
- repeal'd**, recalled from exile; IV. i. 85.
- reversion**, right of future possession; I. iv. 35.
- rheum**, tears; I. iv. 8.
- right drawn**, justly or rightly drawn; I. i. 46.
- rightly**, directly, straight; II. ii. 18.
- room**, a particular place assigned to a person; V. v. 108; V. vi. 25.
- roundly**, unceremoniously; II. i. 122.
- royalties**, privileges belonging to a member of the royal house; II. i. 190.

- rubs, in bowling, deflections of a running bowl from its course; III. iv. 4.
- rue, "herb of grace," a medicinal plant symbolical of repentance, ruth, or sorrow for another's misery; III. iv. 105.
- rug-headed, rough-haired; II. i. 156.
- St. Lambert's Day, September 17; I. i. 199.
- scoffing, scoffing at; III. ii. 163.
- secure, unsuspecting, heedless; V. iii. 43.
- securely, heedlessly, carelessly; II. i. 266.
- security, confidence, heedlessness; III. ii. 34.
- self and vain conceit, selfish and vain conceit; III. ii. 166.
- self-borne, borne for self, not for the king; II. iii. 80.
- self-mould, selfsame mold; I. ii. 23.
- sets, challenges to a game (properly, by laying down stakes); IV. i. 57.
- shadows, images; II. ii. 14.
- sheer, clear, pure; V. iii. 61.
- shrewd, evil, destructive; III. ii. 59.
- sift, discover true motives by questioning; I. i. 12.
- signories, lordships, estates; III. i. 22; IV. i. 89.
- sirrah, form used in addressing inferiors; II. ii. 90.
- sit, press; II. i. 265.
- six and seven, "at s. and s.," in confusion; II. ii. 122.
- slander, disgrace; I. i. 113.
- small, "by s. and s.," little by little; III. ii. 198.
- sooth, cajolery, flattery; III. iii. 136.
- sort, set, crew; IV. i. 246.
- sprightly, with high spirit; I. iii. 3.
- staggers, causes to stagger; V. v. 110.
- stands . . . upon, is incumbent upon; II. iii. 138.
- stars, one's sphere or fortune; IV. i. 21.

- state, settled order; IV. i. 225: station, kingship; IV. i. 179, 252: "s. of law," legal status as king; II. i. 114.
- stews, houses of ill fame; V. iii. 16.
- still, constantly, always; I. i. 22; II. i. 22.
- streaming, causing to stream; IV. i. 94.
- strike, furl (of sails); II. i. 266.
- strongly, with large force (military sense); II. ii. 48.
- subject, having a subject's inferiority; IV. i. 128.
- subjected, made subject to grief, want, etc.; III. ii. 176.
- subscribe, make them write their names under (causatively); I. iv. 50.
- suggest, prompt, incite; I. i. 101.
- suit, petition (with play upon the term as used at cards); V. iii. 180.
- sullens, moroseness; II. i. 139.
- supple, pliant, bending; I. iv. 33.
- supportance, support; III. iv. 32.
- sworn brother, allusion to the *fratres jurati* of chivalry; V. i. 20.
- sympathize, answer to, tally with; V. i. 46.
- sympathy, correspondence or equality of rank; IV. i. 33.
- tall, large, stout; II. i. 286.
- teeming date, period of child-bearing; V. ii. 91.
- tender, offer; II. iii. 41.
- tend'ring, holding dear; I. i. 32.
- testament, "open the purple t.," begin to carry out a bequest of blood to England; blood was often said to be purple; III. iii. 93, 94.
- thin, thin-haired; III. ii. 112.
- timeless, untimely; IV. i. 5.
- to, "t. my flatterer," as or in the capacity of my flatterer; IV. i. 308.
- toil'd, wearied; IV. i. 96.

- to-morrow next, to-morrow; II. i. 217.  
 tongueless, resonant but without articulate speech;  
 I. i. 105.  
 torn, "t. their souls," injured their souls by treason to  
 the king; III. iii. 83.  
 triumphs, public festivities or displays (tourneys, etc.);  
 V. ii. 52.  
 troth, faith, allegiance; V. ii. 78.
- unavoided, unavoidable; II. i. 268.  
 uncivil, barbarous, violent; III. iii. 102.  
 undeaf, make capable of hearing; II. i. 16.  
 underbearing, bearing, enduring; I. iv. 29.  
 unfelt, impalpable, not perceived; II. iii. 61.  
 unfurnish'd, bare, without tapestries; I. ii. 68.  
 unhappied, made wretched, ruined; III. i. 10.  
 unkick, annul with a kiss (regarded as the seal of a cere-  
 monial bond); V. i. 74.  
 unpossible, impossible; II. ii. 126.  
 unrestrained, lawless; V. iii. 7.  
 unstaïd, thoughtless, rash; II. i. 2.  
 unthrifths, spendthrifths, prodigals; II. iii. 122.  
 unthrifty, good for nothing; V. iii. 1.  
 urging, emphasizing as reasons; III. i. 4.
- vantage, advantage; I. iii. 218; V. iii. 132.  
 venge, avenge; I. ii. 36.  
 vengeance, harm, mischief; "v. and revenge," possibly  
 tautological; IV. i. 67.  
 venom, pernicious; II. i. 19.  
 verge, circle, ring; technically, "the compass about the  
 king's court which extended for twelve miles"; II. i. 102.
- wanton, *sb.*, spoilt or pampered person; V. iii. 10: *adj.*,  
 wayward, unrestrained; I. iii. 214.



**warder**, staff or truncheon borne by the king when presiding over a trial by combat; I. iii. 118.

**waste**, technically, "destruction of houses, wood, or other produce of land, done by the tenant to the prejudice of the freehold"; II. i. 103.

**waxen**, penetrable, soft; I. iii. 75.

**whencesoever**, from wherever; II. iii. 22.

**while**, until; I. iii. 122.

**why**, "more w.," more questions to ask; II. iii. 92.

**wistly**, fixedly; probably, with notion of longing, wistfully; V. iv. 7.

**wit's regard**, "with w. r.," against the consideration due to reason; II. i. 28.

**wot**, know; II. i. 250.

**wrought**, "w. it with"; joined with in effecting it; IV. i. 4.

**yearn'd**, vexed, grieved; V. v. 76.

**yon**, yonder; III. iii. 91, 135.







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